

P O E M S
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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FORMS

OF

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

FOR THE



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1753

1753

MEMOIRS
OF
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

THE Author of these Poems lives now only in the literary world. We would not present them to the Public, did we not think the perusal would give pleasure. Some short account of the life of this juvenile writer, will not, we hope, be deemed unnecessary; for every one wishes to know the character of a man whose productions they admire.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, with whom Scottish Poetry now sleeps, was born at Edinburgh, Sept. 5. 1751, of parents remarkable only for the simplicity of their lives, the honesty of their hearts, and the narrowness of their fortunes. When our poet became of an age susceptible of education, he was taught its rudiments. After having acquired a proper knowledge of English, he was put to the High School, where he made a quick progress in the Latin language.

The father of our Poet intended him for the Church; and having, by the interest of his friends, and the young gentleman's merit, procured him a burfary, he was sent to the University of St Andrew's. Though never over studious, he soon attained to a proficiency in several sciences. His knowledge of Mathematics was such, that he procured the approbation, friendship, and patronage of Dr Wilkie, then a professor of that branch of education. In the second Scottish Eclogue, the Doctor's death is most beautifully and pathetically regretted.

Having finished his studies at the University of St Andrew's, he returned to Edinburgh.—His father died soon

after,

after, and with him the plan for the education of his son. Our author then attempted the study of the law,—a study the most improper for him, and in which he made little or no progress; for a genius so lively could not submit to the drudgery of that dry and sedentary profession.

To attempt a character of the works of this youthful bard, would be equally vain as difficult. No colours but his own could paint it to the life; and who in his line of composition can even draw the sketch?—His talent for versification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few. The subjects he chose were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and sentiments were lively and striking, which he had a knack in cloathing with the most agreeable and natural expression. Had he enjoyed life and health to a maturer age, it is probable he would have revived our ancient Caledonian poetry, of late so much neglected and despised.—His works are lasting monuments of his genius and vivacity. For social life he possessed an amazing variety of qualifications. With the best good nature, with much modesty, and the greatest goodness of heart, he was always sprightly, always entertaining. His powers of song were very great in a double capacity. When seated with some select companions over a bowl, his wit flashed like lightning, struck the hearers irresistibly, and *set the table in a roar*.—But, alas! these engaging, nay, bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and shortened the period of his *rational existence*.—Yet he found favour in the sight of Providence, who was pleased speedily to call him from a miserable state of being to a life of early immortality, on the 16th of October 1774.

Thus died ROBERT FERGUSSON, regretted by his friends, and lamented by the lovers of poetry, of wit, and of song.

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POEMS

POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART I.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome visit pays,
Stern Darkness flies before her cheerful rays;
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air,
And early shepherds to the fields repair;
Lead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's brow,
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow;
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,
And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing;
Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks to stray,
While sounding echoes smoothe the sylvan lay.

Alex. 'Tis thine to sing the graces of the morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the rip'ning corn;
'Tis thine with ease to chant the rural lay,
While bubbling fountains to your numbers play.
No piping swain that treads the verdant field,
But to your music and your verse must yield;
Sing then,—for here we may with safety keep
Our sportive lambkins on this mossy steep.

A

Damon

Dam. With ruddy glow the sun adorns the land,
The pearly dew-drops on the bushes stand;
The lowing oxen from the folds we hear,
And snowy flocks upon the hills appear.

Alex. How sweet the murmurs of the neighb'ring rill:
Sweet are the slumbers which its floods distill:
Thro' pebbly channels winding as they run,
And brilliant sparkling to the rising sun.

Dam. Behold Edina's lofty turrets rise,
Her structures fair adorn the eastern skies;
As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon distant plain,
So she the cities on our north domain.

Alex. Boast not of cities, or their lofty tow'rs,
Where Discord all her baneful influence pours;
The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,
With sweet Content, shall be prefer'd by me.

Dam. The hemlock dire shall please the heifer's taste,
Our lands like wild ARABIA be waste;
The bee forget to range for winter's food,
'Ere I forsake the forest and the flood.

Alex. Ye balmy breezes! wave the verdant field;
Clouds! all your bounties, all your moisture yield;
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.

Dam. The year already hath propitious smil'd,
Gentle in spring-time, and in summer mild;
No cutting blasts have hurt my tender dams,
No hoary frosts destroy'd my infant lambs.

Alex. If Ceres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A sacred altar to her shrine I'll rear;
A vig'rous ram shall bleed, whose curling horns,
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.

Dam. Teach me, O PAN! to tune the slender reed,
No fav'rite ram shall at thine altars bleed;

Each

Each breathing morn thy woodland verse I'll sing,
And hollow dens shall with the numbers ring.

Alex. APOLLO, lend me thy celestial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy desire :
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet Echo bear the sound away.

Dam. Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns,
To lowing herds, when raging Sirius burns :
Not half so sweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleasing song.

Alex. To hear your strains the cattle spurn their food,
The feather'd songsters leave their tender brood ;
Around your feat the silent lambs advance,
And scrambling he-goats on the mountains dance.

Dam. But haste, ALEXIS, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made ;
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat ;
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON. TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

THE Sun the summit of his orb hath gain'd,
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath stain'd ;
Our pregnant ewes around us cease to graze,
Stung with the keenness of his sultry rays ;

The

The weary bullock from the yoke is led,
 And youthful shepherds from the plains are fled
 To dusky shades, where scarce a glimm'ring ray
 Can dart its lustre thro' the leafy spray.
 Yon cooling riv'let where the waters gleam,
 Where springing flow'rs adorn the limpid stream,
 Invites us where the drooping willow grows,
 To guide our flocks, and take a cool repose.

Tim. To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend,
 The shades I'll court where slender osiers bend;
 Our weanlings young shall crop the rising flow'r,
 While we retire to yonder twining bow'r;
 The woods shall echo back thy cheerful strains,
 Admir'd by all our Caledonian swains.

Cor. There have I oft with gentle DELIA stray'd,
 Amidst th' embow'ring solitary shade;
 Before the gods to thwart my wishes strove,
 By blasting ev'ry pleasing glimpse of love:
 For Delia wanders o'er the ANGLIAN plains,
 Where civil discord and sedition reigns.
 There Scotia's sons in odious light appear,
 Tho' we for them have wav'd the hostile spear;
 For them my fire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
 Breath'd his last moments on a foreign shore.

Tim. Six lunar months, my friend, will soon expire,
 And she return to crown your fond desire.
 For her O rack not your desponding mind!
 In Delia's breast a gen'rous flame's confin'd,
 That burns for Corydon, whose piping lay
 Hath caus'd the tedious moments steal away:
 Whose strains melodious mov'd the falling floods
 To whisper Delia to the rising woods.
 O! if your sighs could aid the floating gales,
 That favourably swell their lofty sails,

Ne'er

Ne'er should your fobs their rapid flight give o'er
Till Delia's presence grac'd our northern shore.

Cor. Tho' Delia greet my love, I sigh in vain,
Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.
Her fire a thousand fleeces numbers o'er,
And grassy hills increase his milky store;
While the weak fences of a scanty fold
Will all my sheep and fatt'ning lambkins hold.

Tim. Ah, hapless youth! although the early Muse
Pointed her semblance on thy youthful brows;
Tho' she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound;
A cheerless poverty attends thy woes,
Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

Cor. Think not, TIMANTHES, that for wealth I pine,
Tho' all the Fates to make me poor combine;
TAY bounding o'er his banks with awful sway,
Bore all my corns and all my flocks away.
Of Jove's dread precepts did I 'ere complain?
'Ere curse the rapid flood or dashing rain?
Ev'n now I sigh not for my former store,
But with the gods had destin'd Delia poor.

Tim. 'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay
The loss you bore by Autumn's rigid sway.
Yon fertile meadow where the daisies spring
Shall yearly pasture to your heifers bring:
Your flock with mine shall on yon mountain feed,
Cheer'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed:
No more shall Delia's ever-fretful fire
Against your hopes and ardent love conspire.
Rous'd by her smiles you'll tune the happy lay,
While hills responsive waft your songs away.

Cor. May plenteous crops your irksome labour crown,
May hoodwink'd Fortune cease her envious frown;

May riches still increase with growing years;
Your flocks be numerous as your silver hairs.

Tim. But lo! the heat invites us at our ease
To court the twining shades and cooling breeze;
Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And 'midst the flow'rs and opening blossoms dine.

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet grey Twilight does his empire hold,
Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold;
With sullied wing grim Darkness soars along,
And larks to nightingales resign the song:
The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,
To taste what fare his humble cottage yields:
As bees that daily thro' the meadows roam,
Feed on the sweets they have prepar'd at home.

Flor. The grassy meads that smil'd serenely gay,
Cheer'd by the ever-burning lamp of day;
In dusky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
And springing flow'rets shut their crimson folds.

Am. What awful silence reigns throughout the shade,
The peaceful olive bends his drooping head;
No sound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze,
Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

Flor. The west yet ting'd with Sol's effulgent ray,
With feeble light illumines our homeward way;

The

The glowing stars with keener lustre burn,
While round the earth their glowing axles turn.

Am. What mighty power conducts the stars on high!
Who bids these comets thro' our system fly!
Who wafts the lightning to the icy pole!
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll!

Flor. But say, what mightier pow'r from nought could
The earth, the sun, and all that fiery maze (raise
Of distant stars that gild the azure sky,
And thro' the void in settled orbits fly?

Am. That Righteous Pow'r before whose heav'nly eye
The stars are nothing and the planets die;
Whose breath divine supports our mortal frame,
Who made the lion wild and lambkin tame.

Flor. At his command the bounteous spring returns;
Hot summer, raging o'er th' Atlantic, burns;
The yellow autumn crowns our sultry toil;
And winter's snows prepare the cumb'rous soil.

Am. By him the morning darts his purple ray;
To him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swains in concert heav'nly praises sing.

Flor. Sway'd by his word, the nutrient dew descends,
And growing pastures to the moisture bend;
The vernal blossoms sip his falling showers;
The meads are garnish'd with his op'ning flowers.

Am. For *man*, the object of his chiefest care,
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air,
For him the *steer* his lusty neck doth bend;
Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.

Flor. Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,
A foe to darkness and his idle fears;
Around her orb the stars in clusters shine,
And distant planets 'tend her silver shrine.

Am.

Am. Hush'd are the busy numbers of the day;
 On downy couch they sleep their hours away;
 Hail, balmy Sleep, that sooths the troubled mind!
 Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.
 Oft do you tempt us with delusive dreams,
 When wild'ring Fancy darts her dazzling beams;
 Asleep the lover with his mistress strays
 Thro' lonely thickets and untrodden ways.
 But when pale Cynthia's fable empire's fled,
 And hov'ring slumbers shun the morning bed,
 Rous'd by the dawn, he wakes with frequent sigh,
 And all his flatt'ring visions quickly fly.

Flor. Now *owls* and *bats* infest the midnight scene,
 Dire snakes invenom'd twine along the green;
 Forsook by man the rivers mourning glide,
 And groaning echoes swell the noisy tide,
 Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;
 My drowsy pow'rs confess Sleep's magic sway.
 Easy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,
 While sweet reviving slumbers round our pillows fly.

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

*NEAR the heart of a fair spreading grove,
 Whose foliage shaded the green,
 A shepherd, repining at love,
 In anguish was heard to complain.*

'O Cupid! thou wanton young boy!
 Since, with thy invifible dart,

Thou

Thou hast robb'd a fond youth of his joy,
In return grant the wish of his heart.

Send a shaft so severe from thy bow
(His pining, his sighs to remove),
That STELLA, once wounded, may know
How keen are the arrows of love.

No swain once so happy as I,
Nor tun'd with more pleasure the reed;
My breast never vented a sigh,
Till STELLA approach'd the gay mead.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,
My hours they flew wantonly by;
I fought no repose in the wood,
Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

Now my reed I have carelessly broke,
Its melody pleases no more;
I pay no regard to a flock
That seldom hath wander'd before.

O STELLA! whose beauty so fair
Excels the bright splendor of day,
Ah! have you no pity to share
With Damon thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain,
Forsaken my sheep and my fold;
For you in dull languor and pain,
My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roses grown pale,
They have faded untimely away;

And

And will not such beauty bewail
A shepherd thus fall'n to decay?

Since your eyes still requite me with scorn,
And kill with their merciless ray,
Like a star at the dawning of morn,
I fall to their lustre a prey.

Some swain who shall mournfully go
To whisper love's sigh to the shade,
Will hap'ly some charity show,
And under the turf see me laid.

Would my love but in pity appear
On the spot where he moulds my cold grave,
And bedew the green sod with a tear,
'Tis all the remembrance I crave.

*To the swaird then his visage be turn'd;
'Twas wan as the lilies in May;
Fair STELLA may see him inurn'd,
He bath fig'h'd all his sorrows away.*

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,
My friends were plenty, and my sorrows few;
Mirth, love, and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrow'd Cupids round my slumbers flew.

What

What shepherd then could boast more happy days?

My lot was envied by each humbler swain;
Each Bard in smooth eulogium sung my praise,
And DAMON listen'd to the guileful strain.

FLATTERY, alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy enchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wav'ring mind to stray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song?

My pleasant cottage, shelter'd from the gale,
Arose with moss, and rural ivy bound;
And scarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,
But was with bees of various colours crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neighb'ring flocks could roam;
How welcome were the swains and flocks to me!
The shepherds kindly were invited home,
To chace the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the song;
Each sylvan youth the sounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'midst the festive throng.

My clust'ring grape compens'd their magic skill,
The bowl capacious swell'd in purple tide;
To shepherds, lib'ral as the chrystal rill,
Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's side.

But ah! these youthful sportive hours are fled;
These scenes of jocund mirth are now no more;
No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed,
No friends condole the sorrows of the poor.

And

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?
What comfort bring they in the adverse hour?
Can they the canker-worm of Care destroy,
Or brighten Fortune's discontented lour?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,
Where Nature in its fairest vesture smil'd,
Will he not cheerless view the fairy scene,
When lonely wand'ring o'er the barren wild?

For now pale Poverty, with haggard eye
And rueful aspect, darts her gloomy ray;
My wonted guests their proffer'd aid deny,
And from the paths of DAMON steal away.

Thus when fair Summer's lustre gilds the lawn,
When rip'ning blossoms deck the spreading tree,
The birds with melody salute the dawn,
And o'er the daisy hangs the humming bee.

But when the beauties of the circling year
In chilling frosts and furious storms decay;
No more the bees upon the plains appear,
No more the warblers hail the infant day.

To the lone corner of some distant shore,
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,
And wander pensive, where Deceit no more
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye.

There solitary saunter o'er the beach,
And to the murm'ring surge my griefs disclose;
There shall my voice in plaintive wailings teach
The hollow caverns to resound my woes.

Sweet

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
 Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;
 Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song;
 But sweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly stray'd!
 Ye swains, who once the fav'rite DAMON knew!
 Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's aid!
 Ye sons of base Ingratitude, adieu!

Against repining at FORTUNE.

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,
 No *obelisk* or splendid column rise;
 Tho' partial Fortune still averts her smile,
 And views my labours with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of state
 I can contemplate with a cool disdain;
 Nor shall the honours of the gay and great
 E'er wound my bosom with an envious pain.

Avails it aught, the grandeur of their halls,
 With all the glories of the *pencil* hung,
 If Truth, fair Truth! within the unhallow'd walls,
 Hath never whisper'd with her *seraph* tongue?

Avails it aught, if music's gentle lay
 Hath oft been echo'd by the sounding dome;
 If *music* cannot soothe their griefs away,
 Or change a wretched to a happy home?

B

Tho'

Tho' Fortune should invest them with her spoils,
 And banish *Poverty* with look severe,
 Enlarge their confines, and decrease their toils,
 Ah! what avails if she increase their care?

Tho' fickle she disclaim my moss-grown cot,
Nature! thou look'st with more impartial eyes:
 Smile thou, fair goddess! on my sober lot;
 I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her rise.

When early larks shall cease the *matin* song;
 When Philomel at night resigns her lays;
 When melting numbers to the owl belong,
 Then shall the reed be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune fails,
 More pleasure from the sweets of *Nature* share?
 Do zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,
 Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear?

To me the heav'ns unveil as pure a sky;
 To me the flow'rs as rich a bloom disclose;
 The morning beams as radiant to my eye,
 And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If Luxury their lavish dainties piles,
 And still attends upon their fated hours,
 Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,
 Or Exercise enlarge their feeble pow'rs?

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,
 That Man this jewel *Happiness* can find,
 If his unfeeling breast, to *Virtue* cold,
 Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth

Wealth, pomp, and honour are but gaudy toys;
 Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!
Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys
 That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

CONSCIENCE. *An ELEGY.*

——— *Leave her to Heav'n,
 And to the thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her.* SHAKES.

NO choiring warblers flutter in the sky;
 Phœbus no longer holds his radiant sway:
 While Nature, with a melancholy eye,
 Bemoans the loss of his departed ray.

O happy he, whose conscience knows no guile!
 He to the sable night can bid farewell;
 From cheerless objects close his eyes awhile,
 Within the filken folds of Sleep to dwell.

Elysian dreams shall hover round his bed,
 His soul shall wing, on pleasing fancies borne,
 To shining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
 Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whose foul reproachful deeds
 Can thro' an angry conscience wound his rest;
 His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
 Tho' Slumber seldom knows him as her guest.

To

To calm the raging tumults of his soul,
 If wearied Nature should an hour demand,
 Around his bed the sheeted spectres howl,
 Red with revenge the grinning furies stand.

Nor state nor grandeur can his pain allay;
 Where shall he find a requiem to his woes?
 Pow'r cannot chase the frightful gloom away,
 Nor music lull him to a kind repose.

Where is the king that Conscience fears to chide?
 Conscience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
 Will o'er the secrets of each heart preside,
 Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by soothing song.

DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE billows of life are suppress'd,
 Its tumults, its toils disappear,
 To relinquish the storms that are past,
 I think on the sunshine that's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed;
 Her frowns I no longer endure;
 For the goddess has kindly decreed,
 That Damon no more shall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
 To view the increase of my store;
 And many my friendship will prize
 Who never knew Damon before.

But

But those I renounce and abjure,
Who carried contempt in their eye;
May poverty still be their dow'r,
That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye pow'rs that weak mortals govern,
Keep Pride at his bay from my mind;
O let me not haughtily learn
To despise the few friends that were kind.

For theirs was a feeling sincere,
'Twas free from delusion and art;
O may I that friendship revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart!

By which was I ever forgot?
It was both my physician and cure,
That still found the way to my cot,
Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;
The wound of affliction it heal'd:
In distress it was Pity's soft tear,
And naked cold Poverty's shield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!
Who oft with my sorrows condol'd;
You cannot be deaf to the strain,
Since Damon is master of gold.

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of spring;
Around my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand
In an artful canal at my door,
But a river, at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bow'rs,
With tendrils of ivy and vine;
She tutors my shrubs and my flow'rs,
Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified groupe
Of trees has she spread o'er my ground!
She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,
And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves?
For whom has she cluster'd my vine?
If Friendship despise my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be recesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,
Without chosen companions to share,
Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of Care.

O come, and with Damon retire
Amidst the green umbrage embower'd;
Your mirth and your songs to inspire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd?

O come, ye dear friends of his youth!
Of all his good fortune partake;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To say 'twas preserv'd for your sake.

RETIREMENT

RETIREMENT.

COME, Inspiration, from thy vernal bow'r,
 To thy celestial voice attune the lyre ;
 Smooth gliding strains in sweet profusion pour,
 And aid my numbers with seraphic fire.

Under a lonely spreading oak I lay,
 My head upon the daisied green reclin'd,
 The ev'ning sun beam'd forth his parting ray,
 The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle Sleep my acting pow'rs supprest,
 The city's distant hum was heard no more ;
 Yet Fancy suffer'd not the mind to rest,
 Ever obedient to her wakeful pow'r.

She led me near a chrystal fountain's noise,
 Where undulating waters sportive play ;
 Where a young comely swain, with pleasing voice,
 In tender accents sung his sylvan lay.

" Adieu, ye baneful pleasures of the town !
 " Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng !
 " Without regret your foibles I disown ;
 " Themes more exalted claim the Muse's song.

" Your stony hearts no social feelings share ;
 " Your souls of distant sorrows ne'er partake ;
 " Ne'er do you listen to the needy pray'r,
 " Nor drop a tear for tender Pity's sake.
 " Welcome,

" Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves!

" Ye flow'ry meadows, and extensive plains!

" Where soaring warblers pour their plaintive lyes,

" Each landscape cheering with their vocal strains.

" Here rural Beauty rears her pleasing shrine;

" She on the margin of each streamlet glows;

" Where, with the blooming hawthorn roses twine,

" And the fair lily of the valley grows.

" Here Chastity may wander unaffail'd

" Thro' fields where gay seducers cease to rove;

" Where open Vice o'er Virtue ne'er prevail;

" Where all is innocence, and all is love.

" Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,

" Guarding secure the peasant's humble bed;

" Envy is banish'd from the happy plains,

" And Defamation's busy tongue is laid.

" Health and Contentment usher in the morn,

" With jocund smiles they cheer the rural swain,

" For which the Peer, to pompous titles born,

" Forsaken sighs, but all his sighs are vain.

" For the calm comforts of an easy mind,

" In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,

" And leave the statesman for the lab'ring hind,

" The regal palace for the lowly cell.

" Ye, who to Wisdom would devote your hours,

" And far from riot, far from discord stray!

" Look back disdainful on the city's tow'rs,

" Where Pride, where Folly point the slipp'ry way.

" Pure

" Pure flows the limpid stream in chrystal tides,
 " Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever-verdant vales,
 " Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,
 " Where all its purity and lustre fails."

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE! lively cheerer of the mind,
 In lieu of real bliss design'd,
 Come from thy ever-verdant bow'r
 To chace the dull and ling'ring hour;
 O bring, attending on thy reign,
 All thy ideal fairy train,
 To animate the lifeless clay,
 And bear my sorrows hence away.

Hence gloomy featur'd black Despair,
 With all thy frantic furies fly,
 Nor rend my breast with gnawing Care,
 For Hope in lively garb is nigh;

Let pining Discontentment mourn;
 Let dull ey'd Melancholy grieve,
 Since pleasing Hope must reign by turn,
 And ev'ry bitter thought relieve.

O smiling Hope! in adverse hour
 I feel thy influencing pow'r:
 Tho' frowning Fortune fix my lot,
 In some defenceless lonely cot,
 Where Poverty, with empty hands,
 In pallid meagre aspect stands;

Tho'

Thou can'st enrobe me, 'midst the great,
With all the crimson pomp of state,
Where Luxury invites his guests
To pall them with his lavish feasts:
What cave so dark, what gloom so drear,
So black with horror, dead with fear!
But thou can'st dart thy streaming ray,
And change close night to open day.

Health is attendant in thy radiant train,
Round her the whisp'ring zephyrs gently play,
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
Bedeck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay.

When vital spirits are depress'd,
And heavy languor clogs the breast,
Comforting Hope! 'tis thine to cure,
Devoid of Esculapian power;
For oft thy friendly aid avails,
When all the strength of physic fails.

Nay, ev'n tho' Death should aim his dart,
I know he lifts his arm in vain,
Since thou this lesson can'st impart,
Mankind but die to live again.

Depriv'd of thee must banners fall;
But where a living Hope is found,
The legions shout at Danger's call,
And victors are triumphant crown'd.

Come then, bright Hope! in smiles array'd,
Revive us by thy quick'ning breath,
Then shall we never be afraid
To walk thro' danger and thro' death.

THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AN ODE.

Set to Music by Mr. COLLETT.

O'ER SCOTIA's parched land the NAIADS flew,
 From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd vales,
 Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view,
 And lift her waters to the zephyr's gales.

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,
 And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields.

Here did these lovely nymphs unseen,
 Oft wander by the river's side,
 And oft unbind their tresses green,
 To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the shady grottos would retire,
 And sweetly echo to the warbling choir;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
 To call up Echo from the woods,
 Or from the rocks or chrystal floods,
 Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

CHORUS.

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
 To call up Echo from the woods,
 Or from the rocks or chrystal floods,
 Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

When the cool fountains first their springs forfook,
 Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,

Exulting

Exulting *Neptune* then his trident shook,
And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot borne,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn.

Now *Lothian* and *Fifan* shores,
Resounding to the mermaid's song,
Gladly emit their limpid stores,
And bid them smoothly sail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole;

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

CHORUS.

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,
Swift fly the *Naiads* from *FORTH*'s shores,
And to the southern airy mountains bring
Their sweet enchantment and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,
The earth with sev'rous tremour shakes,
The stagnant lakes obey their call,
Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

TWEED spreads her waters to the lucid ray,
Upon the dimpled surf the sun-beams play:

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed:
 From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

CHORUS.

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed:
 From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

The list'ning muses heard the shepherds play:
 Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name,
 And to attend the easy graceful lay,
 PAN from *Arcadia* to Tweda came.
 Fond of the change, along the banks he stray'd,
 And sung unmindful of th' Arcadian shade.

AIR, TWEEDSIDE.

I.

Attend every fanciful swain,
 Whose notes softly flow from the reed,
 With harmony guide the sweet strain,
 To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

II.

Where the music of woods and of streams,
 In soothing sweet melody join,
 To enliven your pastoral themes,
 And make human numbers divine,

CHORUS.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
 The tender woodland strain approve,
 While Tweed in smoother cadence glides,
 O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides;
 And as she rolls her silver waves along,
 Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song.

C

SCOTIA'S

SCOTIA's great GENIUS in *ruflet* clad,
 From the cool sedgy bank exalts her head,
 In joyful rapture she the change espies,
 Sees living streams descend and groves arise.

AIR, GILDEROY.

I.

As fable clouds at early day
 Oft dim the shining skies,
 So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
 And lustre leaves her eyes.

II.

"Ye powers! are Scotia's ample fields
 "With so much beauty grac'd,
 "To have those sweets your bounty yields
 "By foreign foes defac'd?

III.

"O Jove! at whose supreme command
 "The limpid fountains play,
 "O'er *Caledonia*'s northern land
 "Let restless waters stray.

IV.

"Since from the void creation rose,
 "Thou'st made a sacred vow,
 "That *Caledon* to foreign foes
 "Should ne'er be known to how."

The mighty Thund'rer on his sapphire throne,
 In Mercy's robes attir'd, heard the sweet voice
 Of female woe—soft as the moving song
 Of Philomela 'midst the evening shades;
 And thus return'd an answer to her pray'rs:

"Where birks at Nature's call arise;
 "Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies;

"Where

"Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,
 "Delightful 'midst the woody shades;
 "Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines;
 "Where breezes bend the lofty pines:
 "There shall the laughing NAIADS stray,
 "Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters spring,
 Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice;
 The sounding lyre celestial muses string,
 The choring songsters in the groves rejoice.

Each fount its chrystal fluids pours,
 Which from surrounding mountains flow;
 The river bathes its verdant shores,
 Cool o'er the surf the breezes blow.

Let England's sons extol their gardens fair,
 Scotland may freely boast her gen'rous streams,
 Their soil more fertile and their milder air,
 Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

C H O R U S.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

O Scotia! when such beauty claims
 A mansion near thy flowing streams,
 Ne'er shall stern Mars, in iron car,
 Drive his proud courfers to the war:
 But fairy forms shall strew around
 Their olives on the peaceful ground;

And

"Where

And turtles join the warbling throng;
 To usher in the morning song.
 Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,
 From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light
 In silver radiance clothes the night;
 Still music's ever-varying strains
 Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns;
 And woo them to her midnight bowers,
 Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
 Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,
 With echoes greet the nightingale,
 Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
 To kind condolance turns the song;

And often wins the love-sick swain to stray
 To hear the tender variegated lay,
 Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves!
 Oozy caverns, green alcoves!
 Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
 With all the Graces in her train.
 Hail, Fancy, thou whose ray so bright
 Dispels the glimm'ring taper's light!
 Come in aerial vesture blue,
 Ever pleasing, ever new,
 In these recesses deign to dwell
 With me in yonder moss-clad cell:

Then shall my reed successful tune the lay,
 In numbers wildly warbling as they stray
 Thro' the glad banks of Forth, Tweed, and Tay.

THE

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FROM noisy bustle, from contention free,
Far from the busy town I careless loll,
Not like swain *Tityrus*, or the bards of old,
Under a beechen, venerable shade;
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom
And thorny whins the spacious plains adorn:
Here Health sits smiling on my youthful brow;
For 'ere the sun beams forth his earliest ray,
And all the east with yellow radiance crowns;
E'er dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling blush to paint the sky,
The soaring lark, morn's cheerful harbinger,
And linnet joyful flutt'ring from the bush,
Stretch their small throats in vocal melody,
To hail the dawn, and drowsy sleep exhale
From man, frail man! on downy softness stretch'd,

Such pleasing scenes *Edina* cannot boast;
For there the slothful slumber seal'd mine eyes,
Till nine successive strokes the clock had knell'd.
There not the lark, but fishwives noisy screams,
And inundations plung'd from ten house height,
With smell more fragrant than the spicy groves
Of *Indus*, fraught with all her orient stores,
Rous'd me from sleep; not sweet refreshing sleep,
But sleep infested with the burning sting
Of bug infernal, who the live-long night
With direst suction sipp'd my liquid gore.
There gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,
And fill'd with irksome pestilence the air,

There ling'ring Sickness held his feeble court,
Rejoicing in the havock he had made;
And Death, grim Death! with all his ghastly train,
Watch'd the broke slumbers of Edina's sons.

Hail, rosy Health! thou pleasing antidote
'Gainst troubling cares! all hail, these rural fields,
Those winding rivulets and verdant shades,
Where thou the heav'n-born Goddess deign'st to dwell!
With thee the hind upon his simple fare,
Lives chearful, and from Heav'n no more demands.
But ah! how vast, how terrible the change
With him who night by night in sickness pines!
Him nor his splendid equipage can please,
Nor all the pageantry the world can boast;
Nay, not the consolation of his friends
Can aught avail: his hours are anguish all,
Nor cease till envious Death hath clos'd the scene.

But, *Carlos*, if we court this maid celestial,
Whether we thro' meand'ring rivers stray,
Or 'midst the city's jarring noise remain,
Let temperance, health's blyth concomitant,
To our desires and appetites set bounds,
Else, cloy'd at last, we surfeit every joy;
Our slack'ned nerves reject their wonted spring;
We reap the fruits of our unkindly lusts,
And feebly totter to the silent grave.

ODE TO PITY.

TO what sequester'd gloomy shade
Hath ever gentle Pity stray'd?
What brook is water'd from her eyes?
What gales convey her tender sighs?

Unwort

Unworthy of her grateful lay,
She hath despis'd the great, the gay;
Nay, all the feelings she imparts
Are far estrang'd from human hearts.

Ah Pity! whither wouldst thou fly
From human heart, from human eye?
Are desert woods and twilight groves
The scenes the sobbing pilgrim loves?
If there thou dwell'st, O Pity, say
In what lone path you pensive stray.
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Besprinkl'd with the morning's dew:
For thou wilt never blush to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.

In broken cadence from thy tongue,
Oft have we heard the mournful song;
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with Pity's softest tear.
Her sighs and tears were ne'er deny'd
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where Vice and all his dæmons rage,
Tho' bells in solemn peals are rung,
Tho' dirge in mournful 'verse is sung;
Soon will the vain parade be o'er,
Their name, their memory no more:
Who love and innocence despis'd,
And ev'ry virtue sacrific'd.
Here Pity, as a statue dumb,
Will pay no tribute to the tomb;
Or wake the memory of those
Who never felt for other's woes.

Thou mistress of the feeling heart!
Thy pow'rs of sympathy impart.

If mortals would but fondly prize
 Thy falling tears, thy passing sighs,
 Then should wan Poverty no more
 Walk feebly from the rich man's door;
 Humility should vanquish Pride,
 And Vice be drove from Virtue's side:
 Then Happiness at length should reign,
 And golden age begin again.

ON THE COLD MONTH OF APRIL

1771.

*Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast;
 Or wallow naked in December's snow
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat.*

SHAKES. RICH. II,

POETS in vain have hail'd the op'ning spring,
 In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid,
 In vain have taught the April birds to wing
 Their flight thro' fields in verdant hue array'd.

The Muse in ev'ry season taught to sing
 Amidst the desert snows by Fancy's powers,
 Can elevated soar, on placid wing,
 To climes where Spring her kindest influence showers.

April, once famous for the zephyr mild,
 For sweets that early in the garden grow,
 Say, how converted to this cheerless wild,
 Rushing with torrents of dissolving snow,

Nurr'd

Nurs'd by the moisture of a gentle shower,
 Thy foliage oft hath sounded to the breeze;
 Oft did thy choristers melodious pour
 Their melting numbers thro' the shady trees.

Fair have I seen thy morn, in smiles array'd,
 With crimson blush bepaint the eastern sky;
 But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,
 Shrowded in colours of a fable dye.

So have I seen the fair with laughing eye,
 And visage chearful as the smiling morn,
 Alternate changing for the heaving sigh,
 Or frowning aspect of contemptuous scorn.

Life! what art thou?—a variegated scene
 Of mingl'd light and shade, of joy and woe;
 A sea where calms and storms promiscuous reign,
 A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
 The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock,
 While Echo, listening to the tempest's roar,
 In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the solar ray,
 Bestrides the blast, ascends his icy throne,
 And views BRITANNIA, subject to his sway,
 Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou savage tyrant of the fretful sky!
 Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign?
 To Greenland's seas, congeal'd in chillness, fly,
 Where howling monsters tread the bleak domain.

Relent,

Nurs'd

Relent, O Boreas! leave thy frozen cell;
 Refign to spring her portion of the year;
 Let west winds temp'rate wave the flowing gale,
 And hills, and vales, and woods a vernal aspect wear.

THE SIMILE.

AT noontide as *Colin* and *Sylvia* lay
 Within a cool jessamine bow'r,
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
 Was sipping the juice of each flow'r.

Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
 Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
 Each beautiful insect that flies,

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,
 From the rose to the lily again,
 Till weary with tracing its motions, he chose
 To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then *Colin* to *Sylvia* smilingly said,
Amyntor has follow'd you long;
 From him, like the butterfly, still you have fled,
 Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware in persisting to start from his arms,
 But with his fond wishes comply;
 Come, take my advice; or he's pall'd with your charms
 Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Say

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FERGUSSON'S
POEMS



The Simile
From the Lily he hunted the fly to the Rose,
From the Rose to the Lily again;
Till weary with tracing its motions he chose
To leave the pursuit with disdain.



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Says *Sylvia*,—*Colin*, thy simile's just,
 But still to *Amyntor* I'm coy;
 For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust
 A swain, when he courts to destroy.

THE BUGS.

THOU source of song sublime! thou chieftest Muse!
 Whose sacred fountain of immortal fame
 Bedew'd the flow'rets cull'd for HOMER's brow,
 When he on Grecian plains the battles sung
 Of frogs and mice: Do thou, thro' Fancy's maze
 Of sportive pastime, lead a lowly Muse
 Her rites to join, while, with a fault'ring voice,
 She sings of reptiles yet in song unknown.
 Nor you, ye bards! who oft have struck the lyre,
 And tun'd it to the movement of the spheres
 In harmony divine, reproach the lays,
 Which, tho' they wind not thro' the starry host
 Of bright creation, or on earth delight
 To hunt the murm'ring cadence of the floods,
 Thro' scenes where Nature, with a hand profuse,
 Hath lavish strew'd her gems of precious dye;
 Yet, in the small existence of a gnat,
 Or tiny bug, doth she, with equal skill,
 If not transcending, stamp her wonders there,
 Only disclos'd to microscopic eye.

Of old the DRYADS near Edina's walls
 Their mansions rear'd, and groves unnumber'd rose
 Of branching oak, spread beech, and lofty pine,
 Under whose shade, to shun the noontide blaze,
 Did Pan resort, with all his rural train

OF

Of shepherds and of nymphs—The DRYADS pleas'd
 Would hail their sports, and summon Echo's voice
 To send her greetings thro' the waving woods;
 But the rude ax, long brandish'd by the hand
 Of daring innovation, shav'd the lawns;
 Then not a thicket or a copse remain'd
 To sigh in concert with the breeze of eve.

Edina's mansions with lignarian art
 Were pil'd and fronted.—Like an ARK she seem'd
 To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,
 Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er
 Her streets, that once were spacious, once were gay.
 To Jove the DRYADS pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
 For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear
 Black show'rs descend, and teeming myriads rise
 Of Bugs abhorrent, who by instinct steal
 Thro' the diseased and corrosive pores
 Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood
 With all the majesty of summer crown'd.

By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide
 O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare
 'Midst the rich trappings and the gay attire
 Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press
 The waving canopy's depending folds;
 While others destin'd to an humbler fate,
 Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,
 Plying their nightly suction to the bed
 Of toil'd *mechanic*, who, with folded arms,
 Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,
 That not th' alarming sting of glutting Bug
 To murd'rous deed can rouse his brawny arm
 Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals
 Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.

Happy were GRANDEUR, could she triumph here,

And banish from her halls each misery,
Which she must brook in common with the poor,
Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands;
Then might the rich, to fell disease unknown,
Indulge in fond excess, nor ever feel
The slowly creeping hours of restless night,
When shook with guilty horrors—But the WIND,
Whose fretful gusts of anger shake the world,
Bear more destructive on th' aspiring roofs
Of dome and palace, than on cottage low,
That meets ÆOLUS with his gentler breath,
When safely shelter'd in the peaceful vale.

Is there a being breathes, howe'er so vile,
Too pitiful for Envy?—She, with venom'd tooth
And grinning madness, frowns upon the bliss
Of ev'ry species.—From the human form
That spurns the earth, and bends his mental eye
Thro' the profundity of space unknown,
Down to the crawling Bug's detested race.

Thus the lover pines, that reptile rude
Should 'midst the lilies of fair CHLOE's breast
Implant the deep carnation, and enjoy
Those sweets which angel modesty hath fear'd
From eyes profane—yet murmur not, ye few
Who gladly would be Bugs for CHLOE's sake!
For soon, alas! the fluctuating gales
Of earthly joy invert the happy scene;
The breath of Spring may, with her balmy pow'r,
And warmth diffusive, give to Nature's face
Her brightest colours—But how short the space!
Till angry EURUS, from his petrid cave,
Reform the year, and all these sweets annoy.

Ev'n so befalls it to this creeping race,
This envy'd commonwealth—For they a while

On CHLOE's bosom, alabaster fair,
 May steal ambrosial bliss—or may regale
 On the rich *viands* of luxurious blood,
 Delighted and suffic'd. But mark the end :
 Lo! WHITSUNTIDE appears with gloomy train
 Of growing desolation.—First, *Upholsterer* rude
 Removes the waving drapery, where, for years,
 A thriving colony of old and young
 Had hid their numbers from the prying day ;
 Anon they fall, and gladly would retire
 To safer ambush, but his merc'less foot,
 Ah, cruel pressure! cracks their vital springs,
 And with their deep-dy'd scarlet smears the floor.

Sweet pow'rs! has Pity in the female breast
 No tender residence—no lov'd abode,
 To urge from murd'rous deed th' avenging hand
 Of angry house-maid?—She'll have blood for blood!
 For lo! the boiling streams from copper tube,
 Hot as her rage, sweep myriads to death.
 Their carcases are destin'd to the urn
 Of some chaste Naiad, that gives birth to floods,
 Whose fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd
 For yellow limpid—whose chaste name the Muse
 Thinks too exalted to retail in song.

Ah me! No longer they 'at midnight shade,
 With baneful sting, shall seek the downy couch
 Of slumb'ring mortals.—Nor shall love-sick swain,
 When by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,
 His nymph, but half reluctant to his wish,
 Is gently folded in his eager arms,
 E'er curse the shaft envenom'd, that disturbs
 His long-lov'd fancies.—Nor shall hungry bard,
 Whose strong imagination, whetted keen,
 Conveys him to the feast, be tantaliz'd

With pois'nous tortures, when the cup, brimful
 Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy
 Than all the helicopian streams that play
 And murmur round Parnassus. Now the wretch
 Oft doom'd to restless days and sleepless nights,
 By bugbear Conscience thrall'd, enjoys an hour
 Of undisturb'd repose.—The miser too
 May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear
 That thieves or kindred (for no soul he'll trust)
 Have broke upon his chest, and strive to steal
 The shining idols of his useless hours.

Happy the Bug whose unambitious views
 To gilded pomp ne'er tempt him to aspire ;
 Safely may he, enwrapt in ruffet fold
 Of cobweb'd curtain, set at bay the fears
 That still attendant are on Bugs of state :
 He never knows at morn the busy brush
 Of scrubbing chambermaid ; his courting blood
 Is ne'er obstructed with obnoxious dose
 By OLIPHANT prepar'd—Too pois'nous drug !
 As deadly fatal to this crawling tribe
 As ball and powder to the sons of war.

A SATURDAY'S EXPEDITION.

IN MOCK HEROICS.

NON MIRA, SED VERA, CANAM.

AT that sweet period of revolving time
 When Phoebus lingers not in Thetis' lap,
 When twinkling stars their feeble influence shed,
 And scarcely glimmer thro' th' ethereal vault,

Till

Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,
 With ray purpureal, and the blushing form
 Of fair Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
 Leading the winged courfers to the pole
 Of Phœbus' car.—'Twas in that season fair,
 When jocund Summer did the meads array
 In Flora's rip'ning bloom—that we prepar'd
 To break the bond of bus'ness, and to roam
 Far from Edina's jarring noise a while.

Fair smil'd the wak'ning morn on our design,
 And we with joy elate our march began
 For LEITH's fair port, where oft EDINA's sons
 The week conclude, and in carousal quaff
 Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva strong,
 Liquors too nervous for the feeble purse.
 With all convenient speed we there arriv'd,
 Nor had we time to touch at house or hall,
 Till from the boat a hollow'thund'ring voice
 Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears assail'd
 With, "Ho! Kinghorn, oh! come straight aboard."
 We fail'd not to obey the stern command,
 Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar
 Of Polyphemus, 'midst rebounding rocks,
 When overcome by sage Ulysses' wiles.

"Hoist up your sails," the angry skipper cries,
 While fore and aft the busy sailors run,
 And loose th' entangled cordage.—O'er the deep
 Zephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty sails,
 Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
 Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiss the wave.

Now o'er the convex surface of the flood
 Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow
 Divides the saline stream—on either side
 Ridges of yesty surge dilate apace;

But from the poop the waters gently flow,
And undulation for the time decays,
In eddies smoothly floating o'er the main.

Here let the Muse in doleful numbers sing
The woeful fate of those whose cruel stars
Have doom'd them subject to the languid powers
Of wat'ry sickness.—Tho' with stomach full
Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
Or all the dainties luxury can boast,
They brave the elements,—yet the rocking bark,
Truly regardless of their precious food,
Converts their visage to the ghastly pale,
And makes the sea partaker of the sweets
On which they sumptuous far'd.—And this the cause
Why those of Scotia's sons whose wealthy store
Hath bless'd them with a splendid coach and six,
Rather incline to linger on the way,
And cross the river Forth by Stirling-bridge,
Than be subjected to the ocean's swell,
To dang'rous ferries, and to sickness dire.

And now at equal distance shews the land;
Gladly the tars the joyful task pursue
Of gathering in the freight—Debates arise
From counterfeited halfpence—In the hold
The seamen scrutinize and eager peep
Thro' ev'ry corner where their watchful eye
Suspect a lurking place, or dark retreat,
To hide the timid corpse of some poor soul,
Whose scanty purse can scarce one groat afford.

At length we cheerful land on Fife's shore,
Where sickness vanishes, and all the ills
Attendant on the passage of Kinghorn.
Our pallid cheeks resume their rosy hue,
And empty stomachs keenly crave supply—

With eager step we reach'd the friendly inn,
Nor did we think of beating our retreat,
Till ev'ry gnawing appetite was quell'd.

Eastward along the Fife coast we stray;
And here th' unwearied eye may fondly gaze
O'er all the tufted groves and pointed spires
With which the pleasant banks of Forth are crown'd.
Sweet navigable stream! where Commerce reigns,
Where Peace and jocund Plenty smile serene:
On thy green bank sits Liberty enthron'd,
But not that shadow which the English youth
So eagerly pursue; but freedom bought,
When Caledonia's triumphant sword
Taught the proud sons of Anglia to bemoan
Their fate at *Bannockburn*, where thousands came
Never to tread their native soil again.

Far in a hollow den, where Nature's hand
Had careless strew'd the rocks—a dreadful cave,
Whose concave cicling echo'd to the floods
Their hollow murmurs on the trembling shore,
Demanded our approach.—The yawning porch
Its massy sides disclos'd, and o'er the top
The ivy tendrils twin'd th' uncultur'd fern:
Fearful we pry into the dreary vault,
Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps:
Here busy owls may unmolested dwell
In solitary gloom—for few there are
Whose inclination leads them to review
A cell where putrid smells infectious reign*.

Then turning westward, we our course pursue

Along

* *A large cave at a small distance from Kinghorn, supposed, about a century ago, to have been the receptacle of thieves.*

Along the verge of Fortha's briny flood,
 Till we o'ertake the gradual rising dale
 Where fair *Burntisland* rears her rev'rend dome;
 And here the vulgar sign-post, painted o'er
 With imitations vile of man and horse,
 Of small beer froathing o'er th' unshapely jug,
 With courteous invitation, spoke us fair
 To enter in, and taste what precious drops
 Were there reserv'd to moisten strangers' throats,
 Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.

After regaling here with sober cann,
 Our limbs we plied, and nimbly measur'd o'er
 The hills, the vales, and the extensive plains,
 Which form the distance from *Burntisland's* port
 To *Inverkeithing*. Westward still we went,
 Till in the ferry-boat we loll'd at ease;
 Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float,
 For scarce ten posting minutes were elaps'd
 Till we again on *Terra Firma* stood,
 And to M'LAREN's march'd, where roasted lamb,
 With cooling lettuce, crown'd our social board.
 Here too the cheering glass, chief foe to cares!
 Went briskly round; and many a virgin fair
 Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.

Thus having sacrific'd a jocund hour,
 To smiling mirth, we quit the happy scene,
 And move progressive to Edina's walls.

Now still returning eve creep'd gradual on,
 And the bright sun, as weary of the sky,
 Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray;
 Whose ruby-tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd
 Upon the airy cliffs and distant spires,
 That float on the horizon's utmost verge.
 So we, with festive joints and ling'ring pace,

Mov'd

Mov'd slowly on, and did not reach the town
Till Phœbus had unyok'd his prancing steeds.

Ye sons of Caledonia! who delight,
With all the pomp and pageantry of state,
To roll along in gilded affluence,
For one poor moment wean your thoughts from these.
And list this humble strain.—If you, like us,
Could brave the angry waters, be uprous'd
By the first salutation to the morn
Paid by the watchful cock; or be compell'd
On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain
For twenty tedious miles; then should the gout
With all his racking pangs forsake your frame;
For he delights not to traverse the field,
Or rugged steep, but prides him to recline
On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,
Where Indolence on purple sofa lolls,

THE CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE IN RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

YE few whose feeling hearts are ne'er estrang'd
From soft emotions!—Ye who often wear
The eye of Pity, and oft vent her sighs,
When sad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught strains,
Gains entrance to the breast; or often smile
When brisk *Thalia* gaily trips along
Scenes of enliv'ning mirth, attend my song!
And Fancy, thou! whose ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyfs
Of chaos and of hell: O! with thy blazing torch

The

The wasteful scene illumine, that the Muse,
With daring pinions, may her flight pursue,
Nor with timidity be known to soar
O'er the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.

Can I contemplate on those dreary scenes
Of mould'ring desolation, and forbid
The voice elegiac, and the falling tear !
No more from box to box the basket pil'd
With oranges as radiant as the spheres,
Shall with their luscious virtues charm the sense
Of *taste* and *smell*. No more the gaudy bean,
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
Or *bergamot*, or *rose water* pure,
With flavoriferous sweets shall chace away
The pestilential fumes of vulgar cits,
Who, in impatience for the curtain's rise,
Amus'd the ling'ring moments, and apply'd
Thirst-quenching porter to their parch'd lips.

Alas, how sadly alter'd is the scene !

For lo ! those sacred walls, that late were brush'd
By rustling silks and waving capuchines,
Are now become the sport of wrinkled Time !
Those walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
Of stern King *Richard*, to the seat transform'd
Of crawling spiders and detested moths,
Who in the lonely crevices reside ;
Or gender in the beams, that have upheld
Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
Of thund'ers in the galleries above.

O Shakespeare ! where are all thy tinsell'd kings,
Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggish clowns ?
Where all thy fairies, spirits, witches, fiends,
That here have gambol'd in nocturnal sport,
Round the lone oak, or sunk in fear away

From

From the shrill summons of the cock at morn?
 Where now the temples, palaces, and tow'rs?
 Where now the groves that ever-verdant smil'd?
 Where now the streams that never ceas'd to flow?
 Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds?
 The thunders, lightnings, and the tempests strong?

Here shepherds, lolling in their woven bow'rs,
 In dull *recitativo* often fung
 Their loves, accompanied with clangor strong
 From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, bassoons;
 From violinos sharp, or droning bass,
 Or the brisk tinkling of a harpsichord.

Such is thy pow'r, O Music! such thy fame
 That it has fabled been, how foreign song,
 Soft issuing from *Tenducci's* slender throat,
 Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
 Round the empyreum of Jove himself,
 High seated on Olympus' airy top.
 Nay, that his sev'rous voice was known to soothe
 The shrill-ton'd prating of the females' tongues,
 Who, in obedience to the lifeless song,
 All prostrate fell, all fainting dy'd away
 In silent ecstasies of passing joy.

Ye who oft wander by the silver light
 Of sister *Luna*,—or to church-yard's gloom,
 Or cypress shades, if Chance should guide your steps
 To this sad mansion, think not that you tread
 Unconsecrated paths; for on this ground
 Have holy streams been pour'd, and flow'rets strew'd;
 While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
 Lies useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
 Stamp'd in *theatric mint*: offenceless gold!
 That carried not persuasion in its hue,
 To tutor mankind in their evil ways.

After

After a lengthen'd series of years,
 When the unhallow'd spade shall discompose
 This mass of earth, then relics shall be found,
 Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
 Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.
 Ye spouting blades ! regard this ruin'd fane,
 And nightly come within those naked walls,
 To shed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
 Of precious inspiration have you suck'd
 From its dramatic sources. O ! look here
 Upon this roofless and forsaken pile,
 And stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground
 Where you've beheld so many noble scenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
 His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
 And orange-groves, and love-inspiring wine,
 Have oft repaid his toil ; if earthquake dire,
 With hollow groanings and convulsive pangs,
 The ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd,
 Will he refrain to shed the grateful drop,
 A tribute justly due (tho' seldom paid)
 To the blest memory of happier times ?

F A S H I O N. A P O E M.

*Bred up where discipline most rare is,
 In Military Garden, Paris.*

HUDIBRAS.

O NATURE, parent goddess ! at thy shrine,
 Prone to the earth, the Muse, in humble song,
 Thy aid implores : Nor will she wing her flight,
 Till thou, bright form ! in thy effulgence pure
 Deign'st to look down upon her lowly state,
 And shed thy pow'rful influence benign.

Come

Come then, regardless of vain Fashion's fools,
Of all those vile enormities of shape
That croud the world, and with thee bring
Wisdom in sober contemplation clad,
To lash those bold usurpers from the stage.

On that blest'd spot where the Parisian dome
To fools the stealing hand of Time displays,
FASHION her empire holds, a goddess great:
View her amidst the *Millenarian* train
On a resplendent throne exalted high,
Strangely diversified with gewgaw forms.
Her busy hand glides pleasureably o'er
The darling novelties, the trinkets rare
That greet the sight of the admiring dames,
Whose dear-bought treasures o'er their native isle
Contagious spread, infect the wholesome air
That cherish'd vigour in Britannia's sons.

Near this proud seat of Fashion's antic form
A sphere revolves, on whose bright orb behold
The circulating mode of changeful dress,
Which, like the image of the sun himself,
Glories in courting thro' the diverse signs
Which blazon in the zodiac of heav'n.
Around her throne coquets and *petits beaux*
Unnumber'd shine, and with each other vie
In nameless ornaments and gaudy plumes.
O worthy emulation! to excel
In trifles such as these: how truly great!
Unworthy of the peevish blubb'ring boy,
Crush'd in his childhood by the fondling nurse,
Who, for some fav'rite bubble, frets and pines.
Amongst the proud attendants of this shrine,
The wealthy, young, and gay *Clarinda* draws,
From poorer objects, the astonish'd eye:

Her looks, her drefs, and her affected mein
 Doom her enthusiast keen in Fashion's train :
 White as the cover'd *Alps*, or wintry face
 Of snowy *Lapland*, her *toupee* uprear'd,
 Exhibits to the view a cumbrous mass
 Of curls high nodding o'er her polish'd brow ;
 From which redundant flows the Brussels lace,
 With pendant ribbons too of various dye,
 Where all the colours in th' ethereal bow
 Unite, and blend, and tantalize the sight.

Nature ! to thee alone, not Fashion's pomp
 Does beauty owe her all-commanding eye.
 From the green bosom of the wat'ry main,
 Array'd by thee, majestic Venus rose,
 With waving ringlets carelessly diffus'd,
 Floating luxurious o'er the restless surge.
 What *Rubens* then, with his enliv'ning hand,
 Could paint the bright vermilion of her cheek,
 Pure as the roseate portal of the east,
 That opens to receive the cheering ray
 Of Phœbus beaming from the orient sky ?
 For sterling Beauty needs no faint essays,
 Or colourings of art, to gild her more :
 She is all perfect. And, if Beauty fail,
 Where are those ornaments, those rich attires,
 Which can reflect a lustre on that face,
 Where she with light innate disdains to shine ?

Britons, beware of Fashion's 'luring wiles :
 On either hand, chief guardians of her pow'r,
 And sole dictators of her fickle voice,
 Folly and dull *Effeminacy* reign ;
 Whose blackest magic and unhallow'd spells
 The Roman ardour check'd ; their strength decay'd,
 And all their glory scatter'd to the winds.

Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of Fate
 Seems ready to decree thy after-fall.
 By pride, by luxury, what fated ills
 Unheeded have approach'd thy mortal frame!
 How many foreign weeds their heads have rear'd
 In thy fair garden? Hasten, 'ere their strength
 And baneful vegetation taint the soil,
 To root out rank disease, which soon must spread,
 If no blest'd antidote will purge away
 Fashion's proud minions from our sea-girt isle.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY

*On the Amputation of a STUDENT's Hair, before his
 ORDERS.*

O SAD catastrophe! O event dire!
 How shall the loss, the heavy loss be borne?
 Or how the Muse attune the plaintive lyre,
 To sing of *Strephon* with his ringlets shorn?

Say ye, who can divine the mighty cause,
 From whence this modern circumcision springs?
 Why such oppressive and such rigid laws
 Are still attendant on religious things?

Alas! poor *Strephon*, to the stern decree
 Which prunes your tresses, are you doom'd to yield
 Soon shall your *caput*, like the blasted tree,
 Diffuse its faded honours o'er the field,

Now let the solemn sounds of mourning swell,
 And wake sad echoes to prolong the lay;
 For hark! methinks I hear the tragic knell;
 This hour bespeaks the barber on his way,

Razor! yet thy poignant edge suspend;
 O yet indulge me with a short delay;
 Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,
 'Ere his proud locks are scatter'd on the clay.

'Ere the huge wig, in formal curls array'd,
 With pulvile pregnant, shall o'ershade his face;
 Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,
 To banish lustre from the sacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs! for, alas, no more
 His waving ringlets shall your call obey!
 For, ah! the stubborn wig must now be wore,
 Since *Strephon's* locks are scatter'd on the clay.

Amanda, too, in bitter anguish sighs,
 And grieves the metamorphosis to see;
 Mourn not, *Amanda*, for the hair that lies
 Dead on the ground, shall be reviv'd for thee.

Some skilful artist of a French *friseur*,
 With graceful ringlets shall thy temples bind,
 And cull the precious relics from the floor,
 Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

Written at the HERMITAGE of BRAID, near
 EDINBURGH.

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,
 Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
 The city's allurements forget,
 To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where

Where a valley, and chrystaline brook,
 Whose current glides sweetly along,
 Give Nature a fanciful look,
 The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
 A covert of verdure have spread,
 Where shepherds may loll at their ease,
 And pipe to the musical shade :

For, 'lo' thro' each op'ning is heard,
 In concert with waters below,
 The voice of a musical bird,
 Whose numbers do gracefully flow.

The bushes and arbours so green,
 'The tendrils of spray interwove,
 With foliage shelter the scene,
 And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove
 From pleasure to pleasure unseen,
 Nor wish for the Cyprian grove
 Her youthful Adonis to screen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
 On a scene where such beauties appear ;
 I could live in a cot or a cell,
 And never think solitude near.

A T A L E.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,
 Who walk by self-invented rules,

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Do often try, with empty head,
 The emptier mortals to mislead,
 And fain would urge, that none but they
 Could rightly teach the A, B, C;
 On which they've got an endless comment,
 To trifling minds of mighty moment,
 Throwing such barriers in the way
 Of those who genius display,
 As often, ah! too often tease
 Them out of patience and of fees,
 Before they're able to explode
 Obstructions thrown on Learning's road.
 May mankind all employ their tools
 To banish pedantry from schools!
 And may each pedagogue avail,
 By list'ning to the after tale!

Wife Mr BIRCH had long intended
 The alphabet should be amended,
 And taught that H a breathing was,
Ergo he saw no proper cause,
 Why such a letter should exist:
 Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,
 With, "O beware, beware, O youth!
 "Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic sinner
 Was eager to devour his dinner,
 When to appease the craving glutton,
 His boy *Tom* produc'd the mutton.
 Was such disaster ever told?
 Alas! the meat was deadly cold!
 Here take and h—eat it, says the master;
 Quoth *Tom*, That shall be done, and fast, Sir:
 And few there are who will dispute it,
 But he went instantly about it;

For *Birch* had scorn'd the H to say,
And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread alarm ;

"Bring me the mutton, is it warm?"

Sir, you desir'd, and I have eat it ;

"You lie, my orders were to heat it."

Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow

That H is but a breathing now.

THE PEASANT, THE HEN, AND YOUNG DUCKS.

A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dung-hill crew
The fairest, stateliest to view,
Of laying tir'd, she fondly begs
Her Keeper's leave to hatch her eggs :
He, dunn'd with the incessant cry,
Was forc'd for peace' sake to comply ;
And in a month the dowty brood
Came chirping round the hen for food,
Who view'd them with parental eyes
Of pleasing fondness and surprise,
And was not at a loss to trace
Her likeness growing in their face ;
Tho' the broad *bills* could well declare
That they another's offspring were ;
So strong will prejudices blind,
And lead astray the easy mind.

To the green margin of the brook
The hen her fancied children took ;
Each young one shakes his unfledg'd wings,
And to the flood by instinct springs ;

With

With willing strokes they gladly swim,
 Or dive into the glassy stream,
 While the fond mother vents her grief,
 And prays the *peasant's* kind relief.
 The peasant heard the bitter cries,
 And thus in terms of rage replies :
 " You fool ! give o'er your useless moan,
 " Nor mourn misfortunes not your own ;
 " But learn in wisdom to forsake
 " The offspring of the *duck* and *drake*."
 To whom the hen, with angry crest
 And scornful look, herself address :
 " If *reason* were my constant guide
 " (Of man the ornament and pride,)
 " Then should I boast a cruel heart,
 " And foreign feeling all depart ;
 " But since poor I, by *instinct* blind,
 " Can boast no feelings so refin'd,
 " 'Tis hop'd your reason will excuse,
 " Tho' I your counsel sage refuse,
 " And from the perils of the flood
 " Attempt to save another's brood."

M O R A L.

When *Pity*, gen'rous nymph ! possess,
 And mov'd at will the human breast,
 No tongue its distant sufferings told,
 But she assisted, she condol'd,
 And willing bore her tender part
 In all the feelings of the heart ;
 But now from her our hearts decoy'd,
 To sense of other woes destroy'd,
 Act only from a selfish view,
 Nor give the aid to *Pity* due,

TO

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM THE POET.

*Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
PAN, the father of our sheep :
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.*

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the muse and her song !
Ye grottos and dropping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue !

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear ;
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, sprightly, and free,
Shall send forth the sounds of dismay
And sigh with sad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze ;
His reed can no longer controul ;
His numbers no longer can please,
Or send kind relief to the soul.

T. But long may they wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favourite Fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

HER. Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid she'll wear,
A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn,
The shades of Parnassus decay;
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since 'rest of young Corydon's lay.

To him ev'ry passion was known
That throbb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shown
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thrush on the spray
In music soft warb'ling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the songs of the shepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the snare,
When repining at pitiless love.

The

The summer but languidly gleams,
Pomona no comfort can bring,
Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor streams,
Nor the May-born *flow'rets* of spring.

They've fled all with Corydon's Muse,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe ;
Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,
As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously strung ;
While *fairies* and *fauns* in a ring
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woeful his sigh and his tear ;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of Oppression was near.

Tho' *titles* and *wealth* were his due,
Tho' Fortune denied the reward ;
Yet truth and sincerity knew
What the goddess would never regard.

Avails aught the generous heart,
Which Nature to Goodness design'd,
If Fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind ?

'Twas but faint the relief to *dismay*,
The cells of the wretched among ;
Tho' sympathy sung in the lay,
Tho' melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of Fortune attend
 To the ails of the wretched and poor:
 Tho' Corydon's lays can befriend,
 'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to Compassion are dumb,
 To Pity their voices unknown;
 Near Sorrow they never can come,
 'Till *Misfortune* has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the ev'ning depend;
 Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;
 The cypress doth ruefully bend
 Where the cold corpse of CORYDON lay.

Adieu then the songs of the swain!
 Let Peace still attend on his shade;
 And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,
 In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

THE DELIGHTS OF VIRTUE.

RETURNING Morn, in orient blush array'd,
 With gentle radiance hail'd the sky serene;
 No rustling breezes wav'd the verdant shade,
 Nor swelling surge disturb'd the azure main.

These moments, Meditation, sure are thine;
 These are the halcyon joys you wish to find,
 When Nature's peaceful elements combine
 To suit the calm composure of the mind.

Le:

The

The Muse, exalted by thy sacred pow'r,
 To the green mountain's air-born summit flew,
 Charm'd with the thoughtful stillness of an hour,
 That usher'd beaming Fancy to her view.

Fresh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung
 The sun, reviver of each drooping flow'r ;
 At his approach the lark, with *matin* song,
 In notes of gratitude confess'd his pow'r.

So shines fair VIRTUE, shedding light divine,
 On those who wish'd to profit by her ways ;
 Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,
 To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

She with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile,
 Can dissipate Adversity's stern gloom,
 Make meagre Poverty contented smile,
 And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

Sweeter than shady groves in summer's pride,
 Than flow'ry dales or grassy meads is she ;
 Delightful as the honey'd streams that glide
 From the rich labours of the busy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green ;
 There Innocence, in snowy robes array'd,
 With smiles of pure content is hail'd the queen
 And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

O let not transient gleams of earthly joy
 From Virtue 'lure your lab'ring steps aside ;
 Nor instant grandeur future hopes annoy
 With thoughts that spring from Insolence and Pride

Soon will the winged moments speed away,
 When you'll no more the plumes of Honour wear;
 Grandeur must shudder at the sad decay,
 And Pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is Beauty's pow'r?
 Her dimpl'd smiles, her roses charm no more;
 So much can guilt the loveliest form deflow'r,
 We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds where-e'er they blow,
 Or in the desert wild or garden gay!
 Her flow'rs how sacred wheresoe'er they show,
 Unknown to the black canker of decay!

A TAVERN ELEGY.

FLED are the moments of delusive Mirth,
 The fancy'd pleasure! paradise divine!
 Hush'd are the clamours that derive their birth
 From gen'rous floods of soul-reviving wine.

Still night and silence now succeed the noise;
 The ebbing tides of Passion rage no more;
 But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice
 When breezeless waters kiss the silent shore.

Here stood the *juice* whose care-controlling pow'rs
 Could ev'ry human misery subdue,
 And wake to sportive joy the lazy hours,
 That to the languid senses hateful grew.

. F

Attracted

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,
 Around the swelling brim in full array -
 The glasses circl'd, as the planets roll,
 And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here Music, the delight of moments gay,
 Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,
 And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,
 Aw'd the fell voice of Discord into Reace.

These are the joys that Virtue must approve,
 While Reason shines with majesty divine,
 'Ere our ideas in disorder move,
 And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frenzy'd mortals done
 By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind !
 How many by its force to vice are won,
 Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind !

By Bacchus' pow'r, ye sons of riot ! say,
 How many watchful centinels have bled !
 How many travellers have lost their way,
 By *lamps* unguided thro' the ev'ning shade !

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night !
 Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail !
 For *cowardice* alone condemns the light,
 That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart
 'Ere Darkness shall assume his dreary sway ;
 'Ere Solitude fall heavy on my heart,
 That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not vindicate the happy doom
 To be for ever number'd with the dead,
 Rather than bear the miserable gloom,
 When all his comfort, all his friends are fled?

Bear me, ye gods! where I may calmly rest
 From all the follies of the night secure;
 The balmy blessings of Repose to taste,
 Nor hear the tongue of Outrage at my door.

GOOD EATING.

HEAR, O ye host of Epicurus! hear!
 Each portly form, whose overhanging paunch
 Can well denote the all-transcendent joy
 That springs unbounded from fruition full
 Of rich repast; to you I consecrate
 The song advent'rous; happy if the Muse
 Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,
 Or send but half the relish with her song,
 That smoaking *sirloins* to your souls convey.

Hence now, ye starv'lings wan! whose empty wombs
 Oft echo to the hollow-murm'ring tones
 Of Hunger fell.—Avaunt, ye base born hinds!
 Whose fates unkind ne'er destin'd you to gorge
 The banquet rare, or wage a pleasing war
 With the delicious morsels of the earth.
 To you I sing not: for, alas! what pain,
 What tantalizing tortures would ensue,
 To aid the force of *Famine's* sharpest tooth,
 Were I to breathe my accents in your ear!

Hail, ROAST BEEF! monarch of the festive throng,
 To Hunger's bane the strongest antidote;

Come

Who

Come, and with all thy rage-appeasing sweets
 Our appetites allay! For, or attended
 By root *Hibernian*, or plumb-pudding rare,
 Still thou art welcome to the social board,
 Say, can the spicy gales from *Orient* blown,
 Or zephyr's wing, that from the *orange* groves
 Brushes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete,
 More aromatic or reviving smell
 To nostrils bring? Or can the glassy streams
 Of *Pactolus*, that o'er its golden sands
 Delightful glide, thy luscious drops outvie,
 That from thy sides embrown'd unnumber'd fall?
 Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene
 Beam from the ravish'd guests!—Still are their tongues
 While they with whetted instruments prepare
 For deep incision.—Now the *abscess* bleeds,
 And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,
 And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy,
 Leave you a marrowless skeleton and bare,
 A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport
 Of torrent rushing from *defilement's urns*,
 That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.

So fares it with the man, whose pow'rful self
 Once could command respect. Carefs'd by all,
 His bounties were as lavish as the hand
 Of yellow *Ceres*, till his stores decay'd,
 And then (O dismal tale!) those precious drops
 Of flattery that bedew'd his spring of fortune,
 Leave the sad winter of his state so fall'n,
 Nor nurse the thorn from which they ne'er can hope
 Again to pluck the odour-dropping rose!

For thee, *Roast Beef*! in variegated shapes,
 Have mortals toil'd.—The *sailor* sternly braves
 The strength of *Boreas*, and exulting stands

Upon

Upon the sea-wash'd deck—with hopes inspir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wish'd for sweets,
He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him;
Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes,
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye pow'rs ! and still propitious send
This paragon of feeding to our halls.
With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wish
For tow'ring pyramids superbly crown'd,
With *jellies, syllabubs, or ice-creams* rare ?
These can amuse the eye, and may bestow
A short-liv'd pleasure, to a palate strange ;
But, for a moment's pleasure, who would vend
A life-time that would else be spent in joy
For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty rheums*,
Ever preceded by indulg'd excess ?

Blest be those walls where HOSPITALITY
And Welcome reign at large ! There may you oft
Of social cheer partake, and love and joy,
Pleasures that to the human mind convey
Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme :
But near the gate where Parsimony dwells,
Where Ceremony cool, and brow austere,
Confront the guests, ne'er let thy foot approach !
For, void of kind benev'lence, heav'nly virtue !
What is life's garden but a devious wild,
Thro' which the traveller must pass forlorn,
Unguided by the aid of Friendship's ray ?
Rather, if Poverty hold converse with thee,
To the lone garret's lofty bield ascend,
Or dive to some sad cell ; there have recourse
To meagre *offals*, where, tho' small thy fare,
Freedom shall wing thee to a purer joy
Than banquets with superfluous dainties crown'd.

Mix'd with reserve and coolness, can afford.

But, if your better fortunes have prepar'd
Your purse with *ducats*, and with health thy frame,
Assemble, friends! and to the tavern straight,
Where the officious *waiter*, bending low,
Is passive to a fault. Then, nor the *Signior Grand*,
Or Russia's Empress, signaliz'd for war,
Can govern with more arbitrary sway.

Ye who for health, for exercise, for air,
Oft saunter from *Edina's* smoke-capt spires,
And, by the grassy hill or dimpled brook,
An appetite revive, should oft-times stray
O'er *Arthur's seat's* green pastures, to the town
For *sheep-heads* and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,
That in our country's annals stands yclept
Fair *Duddingstonia*, where you may be blest
With simple fare and vegetable sweets,
Freed from the clamours of the busy world.

Or, if for recreation you should stray
To *Leithian* shore, and breathe the keener air
Wafted from Neptune's empire of the main;
If appetite invite, and cash prevail,
Ply not your joints upon the homeward tract,
Till *LAWSON*, chiefest of the Scottish hosts!
To nimble-footed waiters give command
The cloth to lay.—Instinctively they come,
And lo! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,
Groans with the weight of the transporting fare
That breathes frankincense on the guests around.

Now, while stern Winter holds his frigid sway,
And to a period spins the closing year;
While festivals abound, and sportive hours
Kill the remembrance of our weaning time,

Let not Intemperance, destructive fiend !
 Gain entrance to your halls.—Despoil'd by him,
 Shall cloyed appetite, forerunner sad
 Of rank disease, invet'rate clasp your frame.
 Contentment shall no more be known to spread
 Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,
 But misery of thought, and racking pain,
 Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

TEA. A POEM.

YE maidens modest ! on whose fullen brows
 Hath weaning Chastity her wrinkles cull'd,
 Who constant labour o'er consumptive oil,
 At midnight knell, to wash Sleep's nightly balm
 From closing eye-lids, with the grateful drops
 Of TEA's blest juices ; list th' obsequious lays
 That come not with Parnassian honours crown'd,
 To dwell in murmurs o'er your sleepy sense,
 But fresh from *Orient* blown to chace far off
 Your *lethargy*, that dormant *needles* rous'd
 May pierce the waving *Mantua's* filken folds :
 For many a dame in chamber sadly pent,
 Hath this reviving limpid call'd to life ;
 And well it did, to mitigate the frowns
 Of anger reddening on *Lucinda's* brow
 With flash malignant, that had harbour'd there,
 If she at masquerade, or play, or ball,
 Appear'd not in her newest, best attire.
 But VENUS, goddess of th' eternal smile,
 Knowing that stormy brows but ill become
 Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd
 Celestial Tea !—A fountain that can cure

The ills of passion, and can free the fair
From frowns and sighs, by Disappointment earn'd.

To her, ye fair, in adoration bow !

Whether at blushing morn, or dewy eve ;
Her smoaking cordials greet your fragrant board,
With Shushong, Congo, or coarse Bohea crown'd.
At midnight skies, ye *Mantua-makers*, hail
The sacred offering!—For the haughty *Belles*
No longer can upbraid your ling'ring hands
With trians upborn aloft by dusty gales
That sweep the ball-room—swift they glide along,
And, with their sailing streamers, catch the eye
Of some *Adonis*, mark'd to love a prey,
Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,
But for the silken drap'ries that inclose
Graces which Nature has by art conceal'd.

Mark well the fair! observe their modest eye,
With all the innocence of beauty blest.
Could Slander o'er that tongue its pow'r retain
Whose breath is music? Ah, fallacious thought !
The surface is Ambrosia's mingl'd sweets ;
But all below is death. At tea-board met,
Attend their prattling tongues—they scoff—they rail
Unbounded ; but their darts are chiefly aim'd
At some gay *Fair*, whose beauties far eclipse
Her dim beholders—who, with haggard eyes,
Would blight those charms where raptures long have
In extacy, delighted and suffic'd. (dwelt

In vain hath *Beauty*, with her varied robe,
Bestow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,
And call'd attendant Graces to her aid,
To blend the scarlet and the lily fair.
In vain did Venus in her fav'rite mould
Adapt the slender form to Cupid's choice—

When

When Slander comes, her blasts too fatal prove ;
 Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty glow'd,
 Where smiles, where freshness, and where roses grew :
 Ghastly and wan their *Gorgon* picture comes,
 With ev'ry Fury grinning from the looks
 Of frightful monster—*Envy's* hissing tongue,
 With deepest vengeance wounds, and ev'ry wound
 With deeper canker, deeper poison teems.

O Gold ! thy luring lustre first prevail'd
 On MAN to tempt the fretful winds and waves,
 And hunt new fancies. Still thy glaring form
 Bids Commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves,
 O'er-stemming danger, draw the lab'ring keel
 From *China's* coast to *Britain's* colder clime,
 Fraught with the fruits and herbage of their vales ;
 In them whatever vegetable springs,
 How loathsome and corrupted, triumphs here,
 The bane of life, of health the sure decay ;
 Yet, yet we swallow, and extol the draught,
 Tho' nervous ails should spring, and vap'rish qualms
 Our senses and our appetites destroy.

Look round, ye *sipplers* of the poison'd cup
 From foreign plant distill'd ! no more repine
 That *Nature*, sparing of her sacred sweets,
 Hath doom'd you in a wilderness to dwell,
 While round *Britannia's* streams she kindly rears
 Green *Sage* and *Wild Thyme*.—These were sure de-
 As plants of *Britain* to regale her sons (creed
 With native moisture, more refreshing sweet,
 And more profuse of health and vigour's balm,
 Than all the stems that *India* can boast,

THE

THE SOW OF FEELING.

*Well ! I protest there's no such thing as dealing
With these starch'd poets—with these MEN of
FEELING !*

EPILOGUE to the PRINCE of TUNIS.

MALIGNANT planets ! do ye still combine
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine !
Has pityless Oppression—(cruel case !)
Gain'd sole possession of the human race ?
By cruel hands has ev'ry virtue bled,
And innocence from men to vultures fled !
Thrice happy had I liv'd in Jewish time,
When swallowing pork or pig was thought a crime ;
My husband long had blest my longing arms,
Long, long had known Love's sympathetic charms !
My children too—a little suckling race,
With all their father growing in their face,
From their prolific *dam* had ne'er been torn,
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.

Ah ! Luxury ! to you my being owes
Its load of misery—its load of woes !
With heavy heart I saunter all the day,
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away !
In vain I try to summon old Desire,
For fav'rite sports—for wallowing in the mire :
Thoughts of my husband—of my children slain,
Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain !
How oft did we, in Phœbus' warming ray,
Bask on the humid softness of the clay !
Oft did his lusty *head* defend my *tail*
From the rude whispers of the angry gale ;

While

While *nose-refresbing* puddles stream'd around,
And floating odours hail'd the *dung-clad* ground.

Near by a rustic mill's inchanting clack,
Where plenteous bushels load the *peasant's* back,
In *straw-crown'd* hovel, there to life we came,
One *boar* our father, and one *sow* our dam :

While tender infants on their mother's breast,
A flame divine on either shone confest ;

In riper hours Love's more than ardent blaze
Inkindled all his passion, all his praise !

No deadly, sinful passion fir'd his soul,
Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd controul !

That *cherub* which attracts the female heart,
And makes them soonest with their beauty part,

Attracted mine ;—I gave him all my love,

In the recesses of a verdant grove :

'Twas there I list'ned to his warmest vows,

Amidst the pendant melancholy boughs ;

'Twas there my trusty lover shook for me

A show'r of *acorns* from the *oaken* tree ;

And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out

The root salubrious with his hardy snout.

But Happiness, a floating meteor thou !

That still inconstant art to man and sow,

Left us in gloomiest horrors to reside,

Near by the deep-dy'd *sanguinary* tide,

Where whetting *steel* prepares the butch'ring knives,

With greater ease to take the harmless lives

Of *cows*, and *calves*, and *sheep*, and *hog*, who fear

The bite of bull-dogs, that incessant tear

Their flesh, and keenly suck the blood-distilling ear !

At length the day, th' eventful day drew near,

Detested cause of many a briny tear !

I'll weep till sorrow shall my eye-lids drain,
 A tender husband, and a brother slain !
 Alas! the lovely languor of his eye,
 When the base murd'ers bore him captive by !
 His mournful voice! the music of his groans,
 Had melted any hearts—but hearts of stones !
 O! had some angel at that instant come,
 Giv'n me four nimble fingers and a thumb,
 The blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,
 And sudden sent him to the shades below—
 Where, or *Pythagoras'* opinion jests,
 Beasts are made *butchers*—butchers chang'd to *beasts*.

In early times the law had wise decreed,
 For human food but reptiles few should bleed ;
 But monstrous man, still erring from the laws,
 The curse of heaven on his banquet draws !
 Already has he drain'd the marshes dry
 For *frogs*, new emblems of his luxury ;
 And soon the *toad* and *lizard* will come home,
 Pure victims to the hungry glutton's womb :
Cats, *rats*, and *mice*, their destiny may mourn,
 In time their carcases on spits must turn ;
 They may rejoice to-day—while I resign
 Life to be number'd 'mong't the *feeling swine*.

An EXPEDITION to FIFE and the Islands of MAY,

*On board the BLESSED ENDEAVOUR of Dunbar,
 Captain ROXBURGH Commander.*

LIST, O ye slumb'ers on the peaceful shore!
 Whose lives are one unvariegated calm
 Of stillness and of sloth: and hear, O nymph !

In heav'n yclepit *Pleasure* : from your throne
 Effulgent send a heavenly radiant beam,
 That, cheer'd by thee, the *Muse* may bend her way ;
 For from no earthly flight she builds her song,
 But from the bosom of green Neptune's main
 Would fain emerge, and under *Phæbe's* reign,
 Transmit her numbers to inclining ears.

Now when the choring songsters quit the groves,
 And solemn-sounding whispers lull the spray,
 To Meditation sacred, let me roam

O'er the blest floods that wash our natal shore,
 And view the wonders of the deep profound,
 While now the western breezes reign around,
 And Boreas, sleeping in his iron cave,
 Regains his strength and animated rage,
 To wake new *tempests* and inswell new *seas*.

And now *Favonius* wings the sprightly gale ;
 The willing canvas, swelling with the breeze,
 Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,
 While the hoarse *boatswain's* pipe shrill sounding far,
 Calls all the tars to action. *Hardy sons* !

Who shudder not at life's devouring gales,
 But smile amidst the tempest-sounding jars,
 Or 'midst the hollow thunders of the war :

Fresh sprung from *Greenland's* cold, they hail with joy
 The happier clime, the fresh autumnal breeze,

By *Syrius* guided to allay the heat,
 That else would parch the vigour of their veins.

Hard change, alas ! from petrifying cold
 Instant to plunge to the severest ray

That burning *Dog-star* or bright *Phæbus* sheds,
 Like comet whirling thro' th' etherial void,
 Now they are reddened with the solar blaze,
 Now froze and tortur'd with the frigid zone.

Thrice happy Britons ! whose well-temper'd clay
 Can face all c'imes, all tempests, and all seas.
 These are the sons that check the growing war ;
 These are the sons that hem *Britannia* round
 From sudden innovation ; awe the shores,
 And make their drooping pendants hail her queen
 And mistress of the globe.—They guard our beds,
 While fearless we enjoy secure repose,
 And all the blessings of a bounteous sky.
 To them in ferv'rous adoration bend,
 Ye fashion'd *Macaronies* ! whose bright blades
 Were never dimm'd or stain'd in hostile blood,
 But still hang dangling at your feeble thigh,
 While thro' the *Mall* or *Park* you shew away,
 Or thro' the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.

On poop aloft, to *messmates* laid along,
 Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkled brow
 Has bay'd the rattling thunder, tell's his tale
 Of dangers, sieges, and of battles dire,
 While they, elate with success of the day,
 Cheer him with happy smiles, or bitter sighs,
 When Fortune with a sourer aspect grins.

Ah ! how unstable are the joys of life !
 The pleasures, ah ! how few !—Now smile the skies
 With visage mild, and now the thunders shake,
 And all the radiance of the heav'n's deflow'r.
 Thro' the small op'nings of the mainsail broad,
 Lo, *Boreas* steals, and tears him from the yard,
 Where long and lasting he has play'd his part !
 So suffers *Virtue*. When in her fair form,
 The smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.
 In vain she may implore with piteous eye,
 And spread her naked pinions to the blast :
 A reputation maim'd finds no repair,

Fill Death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.

And now we gain the *May*, whose midnight light,
Like vestal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,
To mariners bewilder'd acts the part
Of social friendship, guiding those who err
With kindly radiance to their destin'd port.

Thanks, kindest Nature! for those floating gems,
Those green-grown isles, with which you lavish strew
Great Neptune's empire. But for thee! the main
Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.

No guidance then would bless the steersman's skill,
No resting-place would crown the mar'ner's wish,
When he to distant gales his canvass spreads

To search new wonders.—Here the verdant shores

Teem with new freshness, and regale our sight

With caves that ancient Time, in days of yore,

Sequester'd for the haunt of *Druid* lone,

There to remain in solitary cell,

Beyond the pow'r of mortals to disjoin

From holy meditation.—Happy now

To cast our eyes around from shore to shore,

While by the oozy caverns on the beech

We wander wild, and listen to the roar

Of billows murm'ring with incessant noise.

And now, by Fancy led, we wander wild

Where o'er the rugged steep the buried dead

Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould:

Where a few fading willows point the state

Of man's decay. Ah, Death! where'er we fly,

Whether we seek the busy and the gay,

The mourner or the joyful, there art thou.

No distant isle, no surly swelling surge,

Preaw'd thy progress, or controul'd thy sway,

To bless us with that comfort, *length of days*,

By all aspir'd at, but by few attain'd.

To *Fife* we steer, of all beneath the sun
The most unhallow'd 'midst the *Scotian* plains!
And here, sad emblem of deceitful times!
Hath sad Hypocrisy her standard borne.
Mirth knows no residence, but ghastly fear
Stands trembling and appal'd at airy sights.
ONCE, *only once*! Reward it, O ye Pow'rs!
Did *Hospitality*, with open face,
And winning smile, cheer the deserted fight,
That else had languish'd for the blest return
Of beauteous day, to dissipate the clouds
Of endless night, and superstition wild,
That constant hover o'er the dark abode.
O happy *Lothian*! Happy thrice her sons!
Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shore
To tempt Misfortune on the *Fifan* coast,
Again with thee we dwell and taste thy joys,
Where Sorrow reigns not, and where every gale
Is fraught with fullness, blest with living hope,
That fears no canker from the year's decay.

TO SIR JOHN FIELDING,

ON HIS ATTEMPT TO
SUPPRESS THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,

*When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be ;
When you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pate to all the tribe,
Each cries, It was levell'd at me.*

GAY.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

FILCH.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the sky
Shall Wit, shall Humour, and the Muses fly ?
For our's, a cold, inhospitable clime,
Refuses quarter to the Muse and Rhime ;
On her brows an envy'd laurel springs,
They shake its foliage, crop her growing wings,
That with the plumes of virtue wisely soar,
And all the follies of the age explore.
But should old Grub her rankest venom pour,
And ev'ry virtue with a vice deflow'r,
Her verse is sacred, *Justices* agree,—
When *Justice Fielding* signs the wise decree.
Let fortune-dealers, wise predictors ! tell
From what 'bright planet *Justice Fielding* fell ;
Augusta trembles at the awful name ;
The darling tongue of Liberty is tame,
Safely confin'd by him in *Newgate* chains,
Nor dare exclaim how harshly *Fielding* reigns.
In days when ev'ry mercer has his scale
To tell what *pieces lack*, how few prevail !

I wonder not the low-born menial trade
By partial *Justice* has aside been laid :
For she gives no discount for *Virtue* worn,
Her aged joints are without mercy torn.

In vain, O GAY ! thy muse explor'd the way
Of yore to banish the Italian lay,
Gave homely numbers sweet, tho' warmly strong ;
The *British chorus* blest the happy song :
Thy manly voice and *Albion's* then were heard,
Felt by her sons, and by her sons rever'd :
Eunuchs, not *men*, now bear aloft the palm,
And o'er our senses pour lethargic balm.

The *Stage* the truest mirror is of life ;
Our passions there revolve in active strife ;
Each character is there display'd to view ;
Each hates his own, tho' well assur'd 'tis true.
No marvel then that all the world should own,
In *Peachum's* treach'ry *Justice Fielding* known,
Since thieves so common are, and, Justice, you
Thieves to the *gallows* for reward pursue.
Had GAY by writing rous'd the stealing trade,
You'd been less active to suppress your bread ;
For, trust me ! when a *robber* loses ground,
You lose your living with your *forty pound*.

'Twas *Woman* first that snatch'd the luring bait,
The tempter taught her to transgress and eat ;
Tho' wrong the deed, her quick compunction told,
She banish'd ADAM from an age of gold.

When women now transgress fair *Virtue's* rules,
Men are their pupils, and the stewards their schools ;
From simple wh—d—m greater sins began
To shoot, to bloom, to center all in man ;
Footpads on *Hounslow* flourish here to-day,
The next old *Tyburn* sweeps them all away ;

For woman's faults, the cause of ev'ry wrong !
 Men robb'd and murder'd, thieves at *Tyburn* strung.
 In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm,
 Make females in the cause of *Virtue* warm,
 GAY has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,
 The boast and glory of an idle hour ;
 When cropt it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,
 And to oblivion dark consigns its days.

Hath this a pow'r to win the female heart
 Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part ;
 If so the wayward virgin will restore,
 And murders, rapes, and plunders be no more.

These were the lays of him who virtue knew,
 Rever'd her dictates, and practis'd them too ;
 No idle theorist in her stainless ways,
 He gave the parent Goddess all his days.

O *Queensberry* ! his best and earliest friend,
 All that his wit or learning could command ;
 Best of *patrons* ! the Muse's only pride !
 Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside ;
 No idle pomp that riches can procure,
 Sprung at a start, and faded in an hour,
 But pageant, lasting as the uncropt bay,
 That verdant triumphs with the Muse of GAY.

TO DR SAMUEL JOHNSON: —
 FOOD FOR A NEW EDITION OF HIS DICTIONARY.

Let WILKES and CHURCHILL rage no more,
 Tho' scarce provision, learning's good ;
 What can these hungries next explore,
 E'en SAMUEL JOHNSON loves our food.

GREAT *pedagogue*, whose literarian lore,
 With *syllable* and *syllable* conjoin'd,

To

To transmutate and varify, has learn'd
 The whole revolving scientific names
 That in the alphabetic columns lie,
 Far from the knowledge of mortalic shapes;
 As we, who never can peroculate
 The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,
 The Muse silential long, with mouth apert,
 Would give vibration to stagnatic tongue,
 And loud encomiate thy puissant name,
 Eulogiated from the green decline
 Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,
 Where *Lach-lomondian* liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,
 The mighty Mayor of each regalian town
 Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair
 In roll burgharian, and their tables all
 Shall fumigate with fumigation strong:
Scotland, from perpendicularian hills,
 Shall emigrate her fair *muttonian* store,
 Which late had there in pedestration walk'd,
 And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.

Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,
Edina shameless! tho' he came within
 The bounds of your *Notation*; tho' you knew
 His *honorific* name, you noted not,
 But basely suffer'd him to chariotize
 Far from your tow'rs, with smoke that nubilate,
 Nor drank one amicitial swelling cup
 To welcome him convivial. *Bailies* all!
 With rage inflated, catenations * tear,
 Nor ever after you be vinculiz'd,
 Since you that sociability denied
 To him whose potent Lexiphanian stile

Words

* *Catenations*, vide *Chains*. JOHNSON.

Words can *prolongate*, and inswell his page
With what in others to a line's confin'd.

Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince !
To hills and vallies, where emerging oats
From earth assuage our pauperty to bay,
And blest thy name, thy dictionarian skill,
Which there *definitive* will still remain,
And oft be *speculiz'd* by taper blue,
While youth *studentious* turn thy folio page.

Have you as yet, in per'patetic mood,
Regarded with the texture of the eye
The *cave cavernick*, where fraternal bard
Burchill, depicted pauperated swains,
With thralldom and bleak want reduced fore ;
Where Nature, coloriz'd, so coarsely fades,
And puts her russet par'phernalia on ?
Have you as yet the way explorified
To let lignarian chalice, swell'd with oats,
Thy orifice approach ? Have you as yet,
With skin fresh rubified by scarlet spheres,
Apply'd *brimstonic unction* to your hide,
To terrify the *salamandrian* fire
That from involuntary digits asks
The strong allaceration ?—Or can you swill
The *usquebalian* flames of *whisky* blue
Fermentation strong ? Have you applied
The kelt aerian to your Anglian thighs,
And with renunciation assigniz'd
Your breeches in *Londona* to be worn ?
Can you, in frigour of Highlandian sky,
On heathy summits take nocturnal rest ?
Cannot be—You may as well desire
An alderman leave *plumb-puddenian* store,
And scratch the tegument from pottage dish,

As bid thy countrymen, and thee conjoin'd,
 Forsake stomachic joys. Then hie you home,
 And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,
 On lentiles fed, can make your kingdom quake,
 And tremulate old England libertiz'd !

CHARACTER OF A FRIEND,

In an EPITAPH which he desired the Author to write

UNDER this turf, to mould'ring earth consign'd,
 Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.
 Alike the scenes of good and ill he knew,
 From the chaste temple to the lewdest stew.
 Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd ;
 That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket drain'd,
 Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,
 Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr WILSON, at the Theatre-Royal, in the
 Character of an EDINBURGH BUCK.*

YE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,
 Who love to swear, and roar, and *keep it up*,
 List to a brother's voice, whose sole delight
 Is *sleep* all day, and *riot* all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
 Did sober reason into wit refine ;
 When lusty *Bacchus* had contriv'd to drain
 The sullen vapours from our shallow brain,

We sallied forth (for Valour's dazzling sun
Up to his bright meridian had run);
And, like renowned Quixotte and his squire,
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livry'd puppy's servile hand,
The slave obsequious of her stern command.
"Curse on these cits," said I, "who dare disgrace
Our streets at midnight with a sober face;
Let never tallow-chandler give them light,
To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.

The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, damme! I
Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
The guard, still watchful of the lieges' harm,
With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.
Guard, seize the rogues!" the angry madam cry'd,
And all the guard with *seize ta rogue* reply'd.
As in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right
As a concerted and prudential flight;

So we, from guard and scandal to be freed,
Left them the field and burial of the dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of *George's square*,
Left place! No watch, no constable, comes there.

How had they borrow'd *Argus'* eyes who saw us,
All was made dark and desolate as chaos;
Lamps tumbld after lamps, and lost their lustres,
Like doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.
Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
From chrystal gems, when Phœbus came in view;
Each shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
And a new sun in ev'ry fragment shews.

Near then, my Bucks! how drunken fate decreed us
For a nocturnal visit to the *Meadows*,

And

And how we, val'rous champions ! durst engage—
 O deed unequall'd—both the *Bridge* and *Cage*;
 The rage of per'lous winters which had flood,
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood;
 But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could bend e'
 We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made surrender.

What are your far-fam'd warriors to us,
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fufs:
 Posterity may think it was uncommon
 That *Troy* should be pillag'd for a woman;
 But ours your ten years sieges will excel,
 And justly be esteem'd the nonpareil.
 Our cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing,
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from—*nothing*.

S O N G.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
 Fond *Strephon*, once a shepherd gay,
 Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
 And thus address'd his plaintive lay:
 " O Julia ! more than lily fair,
 " More blooming than the budding rose,
 " How can thy breast relentless bear
 " A heart more cold than winter's snows.

II.

" Yet nipping winter's keenest sway
 " But for a short-liv'd space prevails;
 " Spring-time returns and cheers each spray,
 " Scented with *Flora*'s fragrant gales.
 " Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
 " Thou mistress of angelic charms !

" Come

Come smiling like the morn in May,
 " And center in thy Strephon's arms.

III.

Else haunted by the fiend Despair,
 " He'll court some solitary grove,
 Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
 " But swains oppress'd by hapless love.
 From the once pleasing rural throng
 " Remov'd, he'll thro' the desert stray,
 Where Philomela's mournful song
 " Shall join his melancholy lay."

S O N G.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
 Sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

ay Joy no more shall cheer his mind,
 No wanton sports can soothe his care,
 Once sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of black despair.

is looks that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart;
 His pensive soul, on sadness born,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

arn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe;
 Change every charm to ease the pain
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

H

EPITAPH

" Com

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,
Words would want force his actions to relate.
Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear,
It is enough to say that WOLFE *lies here.*

EPIGRAM *on the numerous EPITAPHS for General WOLFE; for the best of which a Premium of One Hundred Pounds was promised.*

THE Muse, a shameless mercenary jade!
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's trade :
In WOLFE's deserving praises silent she,
Till flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

EXTEMPORE,

On seeing STANZAS addressed to Mrs HARTLEY, Comedienne, wherein she is described as resembling Mary Queen of SCOTS.

HARTLEY resembles Scotland's Queen,
Some bard enraptur'd cries ;
A flattering bard he is, I ween,
Or else the PAINTER LIES.

On seeing a Lady paint herself.

WHEN, by some misadventure cross'd,
The banker hath his fortune lost,
Credit his instant need supplies,
And for a moment blinds our eyes :

FF. *So Delia, when her beauty's flown,
Trades on a bottom not her own,
And labours to escape detection,
By putting on a false complexion.*

EXTEMPORE,

General of On *On being asked which of three Sisters was the most
beautiful.*

e: *WHEN Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, queen of love,
Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
Where she alone was exquisitely fair;
But here what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power, and beauty reign in each;
The youth, nonplus'd, behov'd to join with me,
And wish the apple had been cut in three.*

r, Comed
r MAR *On the Death of Mr THOMAS LANCASHIRE, Comedian.*

*ALAS, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part!
Each comic heart must now be griev'd to see
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.*

EPIGRAM,

On seeing Scales used in a MASON LODGE.

*WHY should the brethren met in Lodge
Adopt such aukward measures,
To set their scales and weights to judge
The value of their treasures?*

The law laid down from age to age,
 How can they well o'ercome it?
 For it forbids them to engage
 With aught but Line and Plummets.

MY LAST WILL.

WHILE sober folks, in humble *prose*,
 Estate, and goods, and gear dispose,
 A poet surely may disperse
 His *moveables* in *doggrel verse*;
 And fearing death my blood will fast chill,
 I hereby constitute my last will.

Then *wit ye me* to have made o'er
 To *Nature* my *poetic* lore;
 To her I give and grant the freedom
 Of paying to the bards who need 'em
 As many talents as she gave,
 When I became the Muse's slave.

Thanks to the gods, who made me poor!
 No *lukewarm* friends molest my door,
 Who always shew a busy-care
 For being legatee or heir:
 Of this stamp none will ever follow
 The youth that's favour'd by Apollo.

But to those few who know my case,
 Nor thought a *poet's friend* disgrace,
 The following trifles I bequeathe,
 And leave them with my kindest breath;
 Nor will I burden them with payment
 Of debts incurr'd, or coffin raiment,
 As yet 'twas never my intent
 To pass an Irish compliment.

To JAMIE RAE *, who oft *jocosus*
 With me partook of cheering doses,
 Leave my SNUFF-BOX to regale
 His senses after drowsy meal,
 And wake remembrance of a friend
 Who lov'd him to his latter end :
 But if this pledge shou'd make him sorry,
 And argue like *memento mori*,
 He may bequeath't 'mong stubborn fellows,
 To all the finer feelings callous,
 Who think that parting breath's a sneeze
 To set sensations all at ease.

To OLIPHANT †, my friend, I legate
 Those scrolls poetic which he may get,
 With ample freedom to correct
 Those writs I ne'er could retrospect,
 With power to him and his succession
 To print and sell a new impression :
 And here I fix on *Ossian's* head
 A domicile for Doric reed,
 With as much power *ad Musæ bona*
 As I *in propria persona*.

To HAMILTON * I give the task
 Outstanding debts to crave and ask ;
 And that my Muse he may not dub ill,
 For loading him with so much trouble,
 My debts I leave him *singulatim*,
 As they are mostly *desperatim*.

To Woods, whose genius can provoke
 His passions to the bowl or sock,
 For love to thee, and to the nine,
 Be my immortal Shakespeare thine :

H 3

He

* Solicitors at law, and the Poet's intimate friends.

† Late Bookseller in Edinburgh.

Here may you thro' the alleys turn,
Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
And boldly catch the glowing fire
That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now at my dirge (if dirge there be !)
Due to the Muse and poetry,
Let HUTCHISON * attend, for none is
More fit to guide the ceremonies ;
As I in health with him would often
This clay-built mansion wash and soften,
So let my friends with him partake
The gen'rous wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration
Of this my will for preservation,
That patent it may be, and seen
In WALTER's Weekly Magazine.
Witness whereof, these presents wrote are
By *William Blair*, the public notar,
And for the tremor of my hand,
Are sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. † *his Mark*

CODICILE to ROB. FERGUSSON's *Last Will*.

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated *blank*,
Inroll'd in the poetic rank,
'Midst brighter themes that weekly come
To make parade at † *Walter's DRUM*,
I there, for certain weighty causes,
Produc'd some kind bequeathing clauses,
And left to friends (as 'tis the custom
With nothing till our death to trust 'em)

* *A Tavern-keeper.*

† *The Publisher of the Weekly Magazine.*

Some tokens of a pure regard
From one who liv'd and died a Bard.

If *poverty* has any crime in
Teaching mankind the art of rhiming,
Then, by these presents, know all mortals
Who come within the Muse's *portals*,
That I approve my will aforesaid,
But think that something might be more said,
And only now would humbly seek
The liberty to add and eik
To test'ment which already made is,
And duly register'd, as said is.

To TULLOCH *, who, in kind compassion,
Departed from the common fashion,
And gave to me, who never paid it,
Two flasks of port upon my credit;
I leave the FLASKS as full of air
As his of ruddy-moisture were;
Nor let him to complain begin,
He'll get no more of cat than skin.

Mark To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen
Still screen'd me from the *Dunce's Den*,
I leave of phiz a picture, saving
To him the freedom of engraving
Therefrom a copy, to embellish,
And give his work a smarter relish;
For prints and frontispieces *bind do*
Our eyes to stationary window,
As superfluities in cloaths
Set off and signalize the beaux;
Not that I think in readers' eyes
My visage will be deem'd a prize;

But

* A Wine Merchant.

But works that others would out-rival,
 At glaring copperplates connive all;
 And prints do well with him that led is
 To shun the substance, hunt the shadows;
 For if a picture, 'tis enough,
 A NEWTON or a *Jamie Duff* *.
 Nor would I recommend to WALTER,
 This scheme of copperplates to alter,
 Since others at the samen prices
 Propose to give a dish that nice is,
 Folks will desert his ordinary,
 Unless, like theirs, his dishes vary.

To WILLIAMSON †, and his resetters,
 Dispersing of the burial letters,
 That they may pass with little cost
 Fleet on the wings of penny-post;
 Always providing and declaring,
 That PETER shall be ever sparing
 To make, *as use is*, the demand
 For letters that may come to hand,
 To me address'd, while *locum tenens*
 Of earth and of corporeal penance;
 Where, if he fail, it is my will,
 His legacy is void and null.

Let honest GREENLAW ‡ be the staff
 On which I lean for *Epitaph*.
 And that the Muses at my end
 May know I had a learned friend,
 Whate'er of character he's seen
 In me thro' humour or chagrin,

I crave

* A Fool who attended Funerals.

† The Penny-Post Master.

‡ An excellent Classical Scholar.

I crave his genius may narrate in
The strength of *Ciceronian Latin*.

RESERVING to myself the pow'r
To alter this at latest hour,
um privilegio revocare.

Without assigning *ratio quare* :
And I (as in the will before did)
Consent this deed shall be recorded :
in testimonium cujus rei,
These presents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSSON.

END OF PART FIRST.

RECAPITULATION

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE, JANUARY 10, 1870.

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON JANUARY 10, 1869.

WASHINGTON:

END OF PART FIRST.

SCOTS POEMS.

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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART II.

AN ECLOGUE.

TWAS e'ening whan the spreckled gowdspink sang,
Whan new-fa'en dew in blobs o' chrystal hang;
Whan *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought enugh,
And loos'd their sair toil'd owfen frae the pleugh:
Before they ca'd their beasts unto the town,
The lads to draw their breath e'en sat them down:
To the stiff sturdy aik they lean their backs,
While honest Sandy thus begins the cracks.

San. Aince I could hear the laverock's shrill-tun'd
throat,

And listen to the clattering gowd-spink's note;

Aince I could whistle cantily as they,

Do owfen, as they till'd my ruggit clay;

At now I wou'd as leive maist lend my lugs

To tuneless puddocks croaking i' the bogs;

High at hame, a-field am dowie too,

To sowf a tune I'll never crook my mou.

Wil. Foul fa me gif your bridal had na been

As langer bygane than sin' Hallow-e'en,

How'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,

That some daft lightlyin quean had stow'n your heart;

I

Our

Our beasties here will tak their e'ening pluck,
 An' now fin' Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,
 Fain would I houp my friend will be inclin'd
 To gie me a' the secrets o' his mind :
 Heh ! Sandie, lad, what dool's come ovr ye now,
 That you to whistle ne'er will crook your mou.

San. Ah ! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae
 Frae what beted me on my bridal-day ;
 Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
 Were knit thegither in the haly bands ;
 Sin' that I thrave sae ill, in troth I fancy,
 Some fiend or fairy, nae sae very chancy,
 Has driven me, by pauky wiles uncommon,
 To wed this flyting fury of a woman.

Wil. Ah ! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,
 Amang the lasses a' she bure the bell ;
 And say, the modest glances o' her ein
 Far dang the brightest beauties o' the green ;
 You ca'd her ay sae innocent, sae young,
 I thought she kent na how to use her tongue.

San. Before, I married her, I'll tak my aith,
 Her tongue was never louder than her breath ;
 But now its turn'd sae souple and sae bauld,
 That Job himsell could scarcely thole the scauld.

Wil. Lat her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouse,
 Nor lat your whisht be heard into the house ;
 Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,
 Ne'er mind her flytes, but set your heart at ease,
 Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor fash your thumb,
 An' there's my hand she'll tire, and soon sing dumb ;
 Sooner shou'd Winter's cauld confine the sea,
 An' lat the sma'est o' our burns rin free ;
 Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,
 Or birds in sapless buffes big their nest,

Before

Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea
thou'd ever be a cause to danton me.

San. Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear
I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;
My kirkstaff now stands gizzen'd at the door,
My cheese-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;
My ky may now rin rowtin' to the hill,
And on the naked yird their milkne's spill;
The seenil lays her hand upon a turn,
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirk;
I vow my hair-mould milk would poison dogs,
As it stands lapper'd in the dirty cogs.

Before the feed, I sell'd my ferra cow,
An' wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo':
I thought, by priggin', that she might hae spun
A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun;
But tho' the filler's scant, the cleedin' dear,
She has na ca'd about a wheel the year.
Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
Buying a threave or twa o' bedding strae:
O' ilka thing the woman had her will,
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill:
But hyn awa to E'inbrough scour'd she
To get a making o' her fav'rite tea:
And 'cause I left her na the weary *clink*,
She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my bink.

Wil. Her tea! ah! wae betide sic costly gear,
Or them that ever wad the price o't spear.
Sin my auld gutcher first the warld knew,
Fouk had na found the Indies whar it grew.
I mind mysell, it's nae sae lang sin' syne,
When Antie Marion did her stamack tyne,
That *Dave* our gard'ner cam frae *Apple-bog*,
An' gae her tea to tak by way o' drog.

San. Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,
 An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs;
 At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
 I'll see a braw reek rising frae my lum,
 An' ablins think to get a rantin blaze,
 To fley the frost awa', an' toft my taes;
 But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane
 If I weelfardly see my ain hearthstane;
 She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,
 Crammin' their gabbies wi' her nicest bits,
 While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap
 Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

Wil. Sandy, gif this were ony common plea,
 I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gie;
 But mak or middle betwixt man-an' wife,
 Is what I never did in a' my life.
 It's wearin on now to the tail o' May,
 An' just between the beer-feed an' the hay;
 As lang's an orrow morning may be spar'd,
 Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird;
 For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,
 Kens baith their outs an' ins, their cracks an' flaws,
 An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,
 At sattlin o' a nice or kittle point.
 But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owfen hame,
 An' tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
 That ye're awa' ae peacefu' meal to prie,
 An' tak your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

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AN ECLOGUE,

To the Memory of Dr WILLIAM WILKIE, late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St Andrew's.

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

BLAW fast, my reed, an' kindly to my mane,
Weel may ye thole a fast and dowie strain ;
Nae mair to you shall shepherds in a ring,
Wi' blythness skip, or lassies lilt and sing ;
Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka eie,
An' ilka waefu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

Dav. Wharefor begin a sad an' dowie strain,
Or banish lilting frae the Fife plain ?
Tho' simmer's gane, an' we nae langer view
The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew.
Cauld Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cour,
Our eldin's driven, an' our har'it is owr ;
Our *rucks* fu' thick are stackit i' the yard,
For the *Tule-feast* a sautit mart's prepar'd ;
The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,
An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.
Swyth man ! fling a' your sleepy springs awa',
An' on your canty whistle gie's a blaw :
Blythness, I trow, maun lighten ilka eie,
An' ilka canty callant sing like me.

Geo. Na, na ! a canty spring wad now impart
AN Just threefald sorrow to my heavy heart.
Thof to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,
Or shake-winds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn,

To this I cou'd hae said, "I carena by,"
 Nor fund occasion now my cheeks to dry.
 Crosses like thae, or lake o' world's gear,
 Are naething whan we tyne a friend that's dear.
 Ah! waes me for you, *Willie!* mony a day
 Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae
 Hound aff my sheep, an' let them carelefs gang
 To harken to your cheery tale or sang;
 Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia's strand,
 Shall fit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt yestreen his deadly *wraith* I saw,
 Gang by my ein as white's the driven snaw;
 My *colley*, Ringie, youf'd an' yowl'd a' night,
 Cour'd an' crap near me in an unco fright,
 I waken'd fley'd, an' shook baith lith and limb;
 A cauldness took me, an' my sight grew dim:
 I kent that it forspak approachin' wae
 Whan my poor doggie was disturbit fae.
 Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn,
 Than I beyont the know fu' speedy ran,
 Where I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
 That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.

Dav. An' wha on Fife bents can weel refuse
 To gie the tear o' tribute to his Muse?—
 Fareweel ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note,
 Be daffin an' ilk idle play forgot;
 Bring, ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
Rosemary sad, and ever-dreary yews;
 Thae lat be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
 To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
 Whase sangs in Scotland ay will be rever'd.
 While *slow-gawn owfen* turn the flow'ry swaird;
 While bonny *lambies* lick the dews of spring,
 While *gaudsmen* whistle, or while *birdies* sing.

Geo.

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Geo. 'Twas na for weel tim'd verse or sangs alane
 He bore the bell frae ilka shepherd swain,
 Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
 Deep a' her mystic *ferlies* to explore :
 For a' her secret workings he could gie
 Reasons that wi' her principles agree.
 Ye saw yoursel how weel his *mailin'* thrave,
 Ay better faught an' snoddit than the lave ;
 Lang had the *thriftles* an' the *dockans* been
 In use to wag their taps upo' the green,
 Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
 An' thriving hedges drink the caller dew *.

Dav. They tell me, Geordie, he had sic a gift,
 That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the list,
 But he wou'd some auld warld name for't find,
 As gart him keep it freshly in his mind :
 For this some ca'd him an uncanny wight ;
 The clasp gaed round, " he had the second sight ;"
 A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
 O' grannies spinning at the ingle-side.

Geo. But now he's gane, an' Fame that, whan alive,
 Seenil, lats ony o' her vot'ries thrive,
 Will frae his shining name a' motes withdraw,
 An' on her loudest trump his praises blaw.
 Lang may his sacred banes untroubled rest !
 Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest !
 Scholars and bards *unheard of yet* shall come,
 An' stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,
 Which in yon ancient kirk-yard shall remain,
 Fam'd as the urn that hads the MANTUAN swain.

ELEGY

* Dr Wilkie had a farm near St Andrew's, on which
 he made remarkable improvements.

E L E G Y,

*On the Death of Mr DAVID GREGORY, late Professor
of Mathematics in the University of St Andrew's.*

NOW mourn, ye college masters a' !
An' frae your ein a tear let fa',
Fam'd GREGORY death has ta'en awa'
Without remeid ;
The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma',
Sin' Gregory's dead.

The students too will miss him fair,
To school them weel his eident care,
Now they may mourn for ever mair,
They hae great need ;
They'll hip the maist sek o' their lear,
Sin' Gregory's dead.

He could, by *Euclid*, prove lang fine
A ganging *point* compos'd a line ;
By numbers too he could divine,
Whan he did read,
That *three* times *three* just made up nine ;
But now he's dead.

In *Algebra* weel skill'd he was,
An' kent fu' weel *proportion's* laws ;
He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's
Wi' his lang head ;
Rin ower furd roots but cracks or flaws ;
But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,

An' kent the nature of the *sector*,
 Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
 An' gar's tak heed;
 o' geometry he was the *Hector*;
 w's. But now he's dead.

ae weel's he'd fley the students a',
 Whan they were skelpin' at the ba',
 They took leg-bail, an' ran awa'
 Wi' pith an' speed;
 We winna get a sport fae bra',
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion hae we a' to weep,
 An' cleed our skins in mournin' deep,
 For Gregory *death* will fairly keep
 To tak his nap;
 We'll till the resurrection sleep
 As sound's a tap.

THE DAFT DAYS.

NOW mirk December's dowie face
 Glowsr ovr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
 While, thro' his *minimum* o' space,
 The bleer-ey'd fun,
 Wi' blinkin light an' stealing pace,
 His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings,
 To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
 The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
 Frae Borean cave,

An'

An' dwynin Nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
Wi' frozen spear,
Sends drift ower a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A beild for mony a cauldrie soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth;
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

Whan merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow,
You'll scantlins fin' a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our 'stamacks fou
O' gusty gear,
An' kickstaws, strangers to our view,
Sin Fairn-year.

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra',
An' fling your sorrows far awa';
Then come an' gie's the tither blaw
O reaming ale,
Mair precious than the well o' *Spa*,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang ourfels we'll never quarrel;
Tho' Discord gie a cankar'd snarl
To spoil our glee,

As lang's there pith into the barrel
We'll drink an' gree,

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
An' roset weel your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tulloch-Gorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weil
As can a canty Highland reel,
It even vivifies the heel

To skip an' dance :
Lifeless is he wha canna feel
Its influence.

Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawning of the year ;
Let blithesome innocence appear
To crown our joy,
Nor envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vita* !
Wha sways the empire o' this city,
When fou we're sometimes capernoity,
Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
The City-Guard.

THE

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

Ob! qualis burly-burly fuit, si forte vidisses.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

I SING the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung
A' kind o' print ;
But wow ! the limmer's fairly flung ;
There's naething in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the same
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fouk o' ilka age an' name,
Baith blind and cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame !
To drink an' tippie.

O *Muse*, be kind, an' dinna fash us
Tò flee awa' beyont Parnassus,
Nor seek for *Helicon* to wash us,
That heath'nish spring ;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
An' gar us sing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
You woudna hae the tither gill ?
You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,
An' ding you doitet :
Troth 'twould be fair against my will
To hae the wyte o't.

ing then, how, on the *fourth* of June,
 Our bells screed aff a loyal tune,
 Our ancient castle shoots at noon,
 Wi' flag-staff buskit,
 Frae which the foger blades come down
 To cock their musket,

Oh willawins ! MONS MEG, for you,
 'Twas firing crack't thy muckle mou ;
 What black mishanter gart ye spew
 Baith gut and ga' ?
 Fear they bang'd thy belly fou'
 Against the law.

Light seenil am I gien to bannin,
 But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
 You'd hit a man had he been stannin
 In shire o' Fife,
 Sax lang Scots miles ayont *Clackmannan*,
 An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
 An' echo to thy dinfome rout ;
 The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
 That glowr'd wi' wonder,
 Affins asley'd to bide thereout
 To hear thy thunder.

ing likewise, Muse, how *blue-gown* bodies,
 Like scar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,
 Come here to cast their clouted duddies,
 An' get their pay :
 Than them what magistrate mair proud is
 On King's birth-day ?

Neist day ilk hère tells his news,
 O' crackit crowns an' broken brows,
 An' deeds that here forbid the Muse
 Her theme to swell,
 Or time mair precious abuse
 Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,
 Whare music gars the day seem short,
 Whare doggies play, an' lammies sport,
 On gowany braes,
 Whare peerless Fancy hads her court,
 An' tunes her lays.

CALLER OYSTERS.

*Happy the man who, free from care and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling. He nor bears with pain
 New OYSTERS cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale,*

PHILLIPS,

O' a' the waters that can hobble
 A fishing yole or sa'mon coble,
 An' can reward the fisher's trouble,
 Or south or north,
 There's nane sae spacious an' sae noble
 As Frith o' Forth,

In her the skate an' codlin sail,
 The eel fu' supple wags her tail,
 Wi' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,

An' whitens dainty:

Neist

K 2

Their

Their spindle-shanks the labsters trail,
 Wi' partans plenty.

AULD REIKIE's sons blithe faces wear;
 September's merry month is near,
 That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
 New oysters fresh:
 The halefomeft and nicest gear
 O' fish or flesh.

O! then we needna gie a plack
 For dand'ring mountebank or quack,
 Wha o' their drogs fae bauldly crack,
 An' spred sic notions,
 As gar their fecklefs patients tak
 Their stinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man! for gin thou *art sick*,
 The oyster is a rare cathartic,
 As ever doctor patient gart lick
 To cure his ails;
 Whether you hae the head or heart-ake,
 It ay prevails.

Ye tiplers, open a your pofes,
 Ye wha are fash'd wi' pluckie nofes,
 Fling ovr your craig fufficient dofes,
 You'll thole a hunder,
 To fleg awa' your fimmer rofes,
 An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
 Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,
 To *Lucky Middlemif's* loup in,
 An' fit fu' snug

Owr oysters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

Whan auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
Gars merchant lowns their shopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock
To birle our bodles,
An' get wharwi' to crack our joke,
An' clear our noddles,

Whan Phœbus did his windocks steek,
How aften at that *ingle* cheek
Did I my frosty fingers beek,
An' prie gude fare!
I trow there was na hame to seek
Whan steghin there,

While glakit fools, owr rife o' cash,
Pamper their weyms wi' fusome trash,
think a chiel may gayly pass;
He's nae ill boden
That gufts his gab wi' oyster sauce,
An' *ben* weel foddan,

At *Musselbrough*, an' eke *Newhaven*,
The fisher-wives will get *top livin*,
When *lads* gang out on Sundays' even
To treat their *joes*,
An' tak o' fat pandores a prieven,
Or *mussel brose*.

Than sometimes, ere they flit their *doup*,
They'll ablins a' their *filler* coup
For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,
To weet their wizen,

An' swallow owr a dainty soup,
For fear they gizzen.

A' ye wha canna staun sae sicker,
Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,
Mix *caller oysters* wi' your liquor,
An' I'm your debtor,
If greedy *priest* or drowthy *vicar*
Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,
Let Merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae-black hat on pow like sna,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Whan beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae feck o't !
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at,
A chiel that ne'er will be respekkit,
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
 Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,
 Wi' filler broachie in his fark,
 Gangs trigly, faith !
 Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
 In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
 That they to shave your haffits bare,
 Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
 Would be right laith,
 Whan pacing wi' a gawfy air
 In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettld stirrah 'green
 For favour frae a lady's een,
 He maunna care for bein' seen
 Before he sheath
 His body in a scabbard clean
 O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
 A feg for him she winna care,
 But crook her bonny mou' fou' fair,
 An' scauld him baith :
 Woers shou'd ay their travel spare
 Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fock an unco heese
 Maks mony kail-worms butterflies,
 Gies mony a doctor his degrees
 For little skaith :
 In short, you may be what you please
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For

For thof ye had as wife a snout on
 As *Shakespeare*, or Sir *Isaac Newton*,
 Your judgment fock wou'd hae a doubt on,
 I'll tak my aith,
 Till they cou'd see ye wi' a fuit on
 O' gude Braid Claith.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

*Mark it, Cæfario ; it is old and plain,
 The fpiuſters and the knitters in the fun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do uſe to chant it.*

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

ON Scotia's plains, in days o' yore,
 Whan lads and laſſes *tartan* wore,
 Saft muſic rang on ilka ſhore,
 In hamely weid ;
 But harmony is now no more,
 An' *Muſic* dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,
 Sae bonnily ſhe wont to ſing,
 An' ſleely wake the ſleeping ſtring,
 Their ſang to lead,
 Sweet as the zephyrs o' the ſpring ;
 But now ſhe's dead.

Mour

Mourn ilka nymph and ilka swain,
 Ilk funny hill an' dowie glen;
 Let weeping streams and *Naiads* drain
 Their fountain head;
 Let Echo swell the dolefu' strain
 Sin' Music's dead.

Whan the fast vernal breezes ca'
 The grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',
 Naebody than is heard to blaw,
 Near hill or mead,
 On chaunter, or on aiten straw,
 Sin' music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
 Will lilt at bleaching o' their claes;
 Nae herds on *Tarrow's* bonny braes,
 Or banks o' *Twedd*,
 Delight to chaunt their hameil lays,
 Sin' music's dead.

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
 Whan weary owfen hameward come;
 Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
 An' *Pibrachs* skreed;
 We never hear its weirlike hum,
 For music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: Ah! waes my heart!
 The man in music maist expert,
 Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
 An' tune the reed,
 Wi' sic a sleet and pawky art;
 But now he's dead.

Ilk

Ilk carline now may grunt an' grane,
 Ilk bonny lassie mak great mane,
 Sin' he's awa, I trow there's nane
 Can fill his stead ;
 The blytheft sangster on the plain,
 Alack, is dead !

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,
 An' crabbit queer variety
 O' sounds fresh sprung frae *Italy*,
 A bastard breed !
 Unlike that fast-tongu'd melody
 Whilk now lies dead.

Cou'd *lav'rocks* at the dawning day,
 Cou'd *linties* chirming frae the spray,
 Or todling *burns* that smoothly play
 O'er gowden bed,
 Compare wi' *Birks of Indermay* ?
 But now they're dead.

O SCOTLAND ! that cou'd yence afford
 To bang the pith o' Roman sword,
 Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
 To battle speed,
 An' fight till Music be restor'd,
 Whilk now lies dead.

HALLOW-FAIR.

AT *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,
 An' *starnies* shine fu' clear,

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Whan sock, the nippin cauld to bang,
 Their winter *hapwarms* wear;
 Near Edinbrough a fair there hads,
 I wat there's nae whase name is,
 For strappin dames and sturdy lads,
 An' cap an' stoup, mair famous
 Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
 The sun began to keek,
 An' bad the trig-made maidens come
 A sightly joe to seek.
 At *Hallow-fair*, whare browsters rare
 Keep good ale on the gantries,
 An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair
 O' kebbucks frae their pantries
 Fu' saut that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,
 An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
 Gies after Meg wi' *rokelay* new,
 An' sappy kisses lays on;
 He'll tauntin say, Ye silly coof!
 Be o' your gab mair sparlin';
 He'll tak the hint, and crie her loof
 Wi' what will buy her fairin,
 To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their stand,
 An' shaw their *bonny wallies*;
 Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
 To trick the silly fallows:
 Beh, Sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,
 An' *ne'er-do-weel* horse-coupers,

An'

An' spae-wives fenzying to be dumb,
 Wi' a' siclike landloupers,
 To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
 "Come ye to me fa need:
 "The brawest *shanks* that e'er were seen
 "I'll sell ye cheap an' guid.
 "I wyt they are as protty hose
 "As come frae *weyer* or *leem*:
 "Here tak a rug, an' shaw's your pose;
 "Forseeth, my ain's but teem
 "An' light the day."

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,
 O mak your bargains hooly!
 O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,
 Or fegs they will ye spulzie.
 For fairn-year *Meg Thomson* got,
 Frae thir mischievous villains,
 A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,
 That lost a score o' shillins
 To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
 The serjeant screechs fu' loud,
 "A' gentleman an' volunteers
 "That wist your country gude,
 "Come here to me, an' I sall gie
 "Twa guineas an' a crown,
 "A bowl o' *punch* that like the sea
 "Will soum a lang dragoon
 "Wi' ease this day."

Witho

Without the cuissers prance and nicker,
 An' o'er the ley-rig scud;
 In tents the carles bend the bicker,
 An' rant an' roar like wud.
 Than there's sic yellowchin and din,
 Wi' wives and wee-anes gablin,
 That ane might trow they were a-kin
 To a' the tongues at Babylon,
 Confus'd that day.

Whan *Phæbus* ligs in *T'hetis'* lap,
 Auld Reikie gies them shelter,
 Whare cadgily they kiss the cap,
 An' ca't round helter-skelter.
Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks,
 Great cause he had to rue it,
 For frae a stark Lochaber aix
 He gat a *clamehewit*,
 Fu' fair that night.

"Ohon!" quo' he, "I'd rather be
 "By *sword* or *bagnet* stickit,
 "Than hae my crown or body wi'
 "Sic deadly weapons nickit."
 Wi' that he gat another straik
 Mair weighty than before,
 That gar'd his fecklefs body aik,
 An' spew the reikin gore,
 Fu' red that night.

He peching on the cawfy lay,
 O' kicks and cuffs weel fair'd;
 A *Higland* aith the serjeant gae,
 "She maun pe see our guard."

L

Out

Out spak the weirlike corporal,
 " Pring in ta drucken sot."
 They trail'd him ben, an' by my saul,
 He paid his drucken groat
 For that neist day.

Gude fock, as ye come frae the fair,
 Bide yont frae this black squad ;
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere
 Allow'd to wear cockade.
 Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,
 Frae their wanruly fellin paw
 Mair cause ye hae to fear
 Your death that day.

A wee soup d'rink does unco weel
 To had the heart aboon ;
 It's gude as lang's a canny chiel
 Can stand steeve in his shoon.
 But gin a birkie's owr weel fair'd,
 It gars him aften stammer
 To *pleys* that bring him to the guard,
 An' eke the *Council-chamir*,
 Wi' shame that day.

ODE TO THE BEE.

HERDS, blythesome tune your canty reeds,
 An' welcome to the gowany meads
 The pride o' a' the insect thrang,
 A stranger to the green sae lang ;

Unfald

Unfald ilk bus an' ilka brier,
 The bounties o' the gleesome year,
 To him whase voice delights the spring,
 Whase soughs the fastest slumbers bring.

The trees in simmer-cleething drest,
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,
 The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see,
 Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,
 Blythely to skim on wanton wing
 Thro' a' the fairy haunts o' spring.

Whan fields hae gat their dewy gift,
 An' dawnin breaks upo' the list,
 Then gang your wa's thro' *bight* an' *how*,
 Seek caller *haugh* or sunny *know*,
 Or ivy'd *craig*, or *burn-bank brae*,
 Whare industry shall bid you gae,
 For hiney, or for waxen store,
 To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd fecklefs creature, Man, be wise,
 The simmer o' his life to prize,
 In winter he might send fu' bauld,
 His eild unkend to nippin cauld,
 Yet thir, alas! are antrin fock
 That lade their scape wi' winter stock.
 Auld age maist feckly glows right dour
 Upo' the ailings o' the poor,

Wha hope for nae comforting, save
 That dowie dismal house the grave.
 Then feeble Man, be wise, tak tent
 How industry can fetch content:
 Behad the bees whare'er they wing,
 Or thro' the bonny bowers o' spring,
 Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,
 An' filler dew-draps nightly fa',

Or whan on open bent they're seen,
 On *bether bill* or *thristle* green;
 The hiney's still as sweet that flows
 Frae thistle cauld, or kendlings rose.

Frae this the human race may learn
 Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
 Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
 Or thro' the sunny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee! attend me still,
 Owr a' my labours sey your skill:
 For thee shall hiney-suckles rise,
 Wi' lading to your busy thighs,
 An' ilka shrub surround my cell,
 Whareon ye like to hum an' dwell:
 My trees in bourachs owr my ground
 Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind:
 Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
 Delve out the treasures frae your bike,
 But in my fence be safe, an' free
 To live, an' work, an' sing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muse
 Scuds ear' an' heartsome owr the dews,
 Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap
 The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
 Twining her living garlands there,
 That lyart Time can ne'er impair,

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

DAFT gowk, in macaroni dress,
 Are ye come here to shaw your face,

Bowden

Bowden wi' pride o' simmer glofs,
 To cast a dath at *Reikie's* crofs;
 An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'd creature,
 Flees braw by art, tho' worms by nature?

Like country laird in city cleeding,
 Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding;
 To bring ilk darling toast an' fashion
 In vogue amang the flee creation,
 That they, like buskit belles an' beaus,
 May crook their mou fu' sour at those
 Whase weird is still to creep, alas!
 Unnotic'd 'mang the humle grafs;
 While ye, wi' wings new buskit trim,
 Can far frae yird an' reptiles skim;
 Newfangle grown wi' new got form,
 You soar aboon your mither worm.

Kind Nature lent but for a day
 Her wings to mak ye sprush an' gay;
 In her habuliments a while
 Ye may your former sell beguile,
 An' ding awa' the vexing thought
 O' hourly dwyning into nought,
 By beenging to your foppish brithers,
 Black corbies drefs'd in peacocks' feathers;
 Like thee they dander here an' there,
 Whan simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
 An' loo to snuff the healthy balm
 Whan E'ening spreads her wing fae calm;
 But whan she grins an' glowrs fae dow'r
 Frae Borean houff in angry show'r,
 Like thee they scoug frae street or field,
 An' hap them in a lyther bield;
 For they were never made to dree
 The adverse glooms o' Fortune's eie,

Nor ever pried life's pining woes,
Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.

Poor Butterfly ! thy case I mourn,
To green kail-yard and fruits return :
How cou'd you troke the mavis' note
For " penny pies all-piping hot ?"
Can lintie's music be compar'd
Wi' *gruntles* frae the City Guard ?
Or can our flow'rs at ten hours bell
The gowan or the spink excell ?

Now shou'd our sçlates wi' hailstones ring,
What cabbage-fauld wad screen your wing ?
Say, fluttering fairy ! wer't thy hap
To light beneath braw NANNY's cap,
Wad she, proud butterfly of May !
In pity lat you skaithleis stay ?
The furies glancin frae her ein
Wad rug your wings o' filler sheen,
That, wae for thee ! far, far outvy
Her PARIS ARTIST's finest dye ;
Then a' your bonny sprains wad fall,
An' you a WORM be left to crawl.

To sic mischanter rins the laird
Wha quats his ha'-house an' kail-yard,
Grows politician, scours to court,
Whare he's the laughing-stock an' sport
O' MINISTERS, wha jeer an' jibe,
An' heeze his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,
Till in the end they flae him bare,
Leave him to poortith, and to care.
Their fleetchin words owr late he sees,
He trudges hame, repines, an' dies.

Sic be their fa' wha dirk thir ben
In blackest bufiness nae their ain ;

An' m
That

FRA
Wi' c
The C
The h
That,
Wi' g
Sun
For f
Nae
Sic g
What
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Is w
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Blyt
In li

An' may they scad their lips fu' leal,
That dip their spoons in ither's kail.

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

FRAE fields where SPRING her sweets has blawn
Wi' caller verdure ovr the lawn,
The GOWDSPINK comes in new attye,
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,
That, 'ere the sun can clear his ein,
Wi' glib notes fane the simmer's green.

Sure NATURE herried mony a tree,
For sprains and bonny spats to thee:
Nae mair the *Rainbow* can impart
Sic glowing serlies o' her art,
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee, the sey-piece o' her skill.
Nae mair thro' *Straths* in simmer dight
We seek the ROSE to bless our sight;
Or bid the bonny wa' flowers sprout
On yonder RUIN's lofty snout,
Thy shining garments far outstrip
The cherries upo' HEBE's lip,
An' fool the tints that Nature chose
To busk an' paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wae's-heart! we aften find
The brawest drest want peace o' mind,
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
Whan WAND wi' glewy birdlime's set,
To steal far aff your dautit mate,
Blythe wad ye change your cleething gay
In lieu of lav'rocks sober gray.

In vain thro' woods you fair may ban
 The envious treachery of man,
 That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
 Still hunts you on the simmer's plain,
 An' traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
 O' winter's dreery dreepin snaws.
 Now seekit frae the gowany field,
 Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,
 But mergh, alas! to disengage
 Your bonny buik frae fettering cage,
 Your free-born bosom beats in vain
 For darling liberty again.

In WINDOW hung, how aft we see
 Thee keek around at warblers free,
 That carrol fast, an' sweetly sing
 Wi' a' the blytheness o' the spring?
 Like TANTALUS they hing you here
 To spy the glories o' the year;
 An' tho' you're at the burnie's brink,
 They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,
 How wildly wanton is thy stream,
 Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,
 An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.
 The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,
 An' courts wi' glesome sangs his peer:
 The MAVIS frae the new-bloom'd thorn
 Begins his *lauds* at eareft morn;
 An' herd lowns loupin o'er the grass
 Needs far less fleetching till his lass,
 Then paughty damsels bred at courts,
 Wha thraw their mou's, and tak the dorts;
 But, rest of thee, fient flee we care
 For a' that life ahint can spare.

The *Gowdspark*, that sae lang has kend
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),
 Her sad confinement ill can brook
 In some dark chaumer's dowy nook :
 Tho' MARY's hand his nebb supplies,
 Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
 Ev'n beauty canna chear the heart
 Frae life, frae liberty apart ;
 For now we tyne its wonted lay,
 Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythely gay.
 Thus FORTUNE aft a curse can gie,
 To wyle us far frae liberty ;
 Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
 Will ne'er envy your GIRNEL's *grist* ;
 For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair,
 Are I for life ? Shame fa' the hair ;
 A FIELD o'ergrown wi' rankest STUBBLE,
 The essence o' a paltry bubble.

CALLER WATER.

WHAN father *Adie* first pat spade in
 The bonny yeard o' antient Eden,
 His amry had nae liquor laid in
 To fire his mou',
 For did he thole his wife's upbraiding
 For being fou.

caller burn o' filler sheen,
 an cannily out ower the green,
 and whan our gutcher's drouth had been
 To bide right fair,

He

He loutit down an' drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a' before the flood
A langer tack o' flesh an' blood,
An' on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than *Noah's* line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood
Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin Bardies now-a-days
Rin *maukin*-mad in Bacchus' praise,
An' limp and stoiter thro' their lays
Anacreontic,
While ilk his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will nae gae far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan aithly she can find the theme
Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors use
Their patients noddles to confuse;
Wi' *simples* clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still,
In kittle words to gar ye roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clutter-clatter,
An' briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid *Caller Water*,
Than whilk I trow,

ew drugs in doctors shops are better
For me or you,

ho' joints be stiff as ony *rung*,
our pith wi' pain be fairly dung,
e you in *Callar Water* flung

Out o'er the lugs,
I will mak ye souple, swack and young,
Withouten drugs.

ho' cholic or the heart-scad teaze us,
or ony inward dwaam should seize us,
masters a' sic fell diseases,

That would ye spulzie,
u' brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

er't na for it the bonny lasses
ou'd glow'r nae mair in keeking glasses,
n' soon tine dint o' a' the graces

That aft conveyen
gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
To catch our ein.

he fairest then might die a maid,
n' Cupid quit his shooting trade,
or wha thro' clarty *masquerade*

Cou'd then discover,
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

s simmer rains bring simmer flow'rs,
nd leaves to cleed the *birken bow'rs*,
e beauty gets by caller show'rs
Sae rich a bloom,

As for estate, or heavy dow'rs,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reikie's dames fae fair?
It canna be the halefome air,
But *caller burn* beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
An' blink fae bonny.

On *May-day*, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round *St Antho'n's* spring,
Frae grafs the caller *dew-drops* wring
To weet their ein,
And water clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way,
To look fae feat, fae clean, fae gay!
Than shall their beauties glance like May,
An', like her, be
The Goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse an' me.

THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

PHOEBUS, fair cow'd wi' simmer's hight,
Cours near the YIRD wi' blinking light;
Cauld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight
Wi' simmer's claes,
They heeze the heart o' dowy wight
That thro' them gaes.

Weel loes me o' you, BUSINESS, now ;
 For ye'll weet mony a drouthy-mou'
 That's lang a eifning gane for you,
 Withouten fill
 O' dribles frae the gude *brown cow*,
 Or Highland gill.

The COURT o' SESSION, weel wat I,
 Fits ilk chield's *whittle* i' the pye,
 Can crie the slaw-gaun wheels whan dry
 Till Session's done,
 Tho' they'll gie mony a cheep and cry
 Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a', that dwell in joot,
 You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,
 Synd your mouse-webs wi' reaming stout,
 While ye hae cash,
 And gar your cares a' tak the rout,
 An' thumb' ne'er fash.

ROB GIBB's grey gizz, new frizzl'd fine,
 Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine ;
 Weel does he loe the LAWEN coin
 Whan doffied down,
 For whisky gills or dribbs o' wine
 In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers now, at OUTER DORE,
 Tak tent as fock gang back an' fore ;
 The sient ane there but pays his score,
 Nane wins toll-free,
 Tho' ye've a CAUSE the house before,
 Or agent be.

N

Gin

Gin ony here wi' **CANKER** knocks,
 An' has na lous'd his filler pocks,
 Ye need na think to fleetch or cox;
 "Come shaw's your gear;
 "Ae scabbit yew spills twenty **FLOCKS**,
 Ye's nae be here."

Now at the door they'll raise a plea;
 Crack on, my lads!—for flyting's free;
 For gin you shou'd tongue-tacket be,
 The mair's the pity,
 Whan scalding but an' ben we see
 PENDENTE LITE.

The **LAWYERS'** *skelfs*, and **PRINTERS'** *presses*,
 Grain unco fair wi' weighty cases;
 The *clark* in toil his pleasure places,
 To thrive bedeen;
 At five-hours bell scribes shaw their faces,
 An' rake their ein.

The country fock to lawyers crook,
 "Ah! weels me on your bonny buik!"
 "The benmost part o' my kist nook
 "I'll ripe for thee,
 "An' willing ware my hindmost rook
 "For my decree."

But **LAW'S** a **DRAW-WELL** unco deep,
 Withouten **RIM** fock out to keep;
 A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep
 Fu' sleely in,
 But finds the gate baith *slay* and *sleep*,
 'Ere out he win.

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

TO a' men living be it kend,
 The SESSION now is at an end:
 Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,
 And quat the pen,
 Till *Time* wi' lyart pow shall send
 Blythe June again.

Tir'd o' the law and a' its phrases,
 The wylie *writers*, rich as *Cræsus*,
 Hurl frae town in hackney chaises,
 For country cheer:
 The *powney* that in spring-time grazes,
 Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,
 Fareweel to din, fareweel to fees,
 The canny hours o' rest may please
 Instead o' filler:
 Hain'd *multure* hads the *mill* at ease,
 And finds the *millers*.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play
 In *Fortune's* bonny blinken ray,
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away
 Wi' comrades couthy,
 An' never dree a hungert day,
 Or e'ning drouthy.

Ohon! the day for him that's laid
 In dowie *poortith's* caldrife shade,
 M 2 Ablins.

Ablins o'er honest for his trade,
He racks his wits,
How he may get his buik weel clad,
An' fill his guts.

The farmers sons, as yap as sparrows,
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
An' whistle to the plough and harrows
At barley feed ;
What writer wadna gang as far as
He cou'd for bread

After their yokin, I wat weel
They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel;
Eith can the plough-stilts gar a cheil
Be unco vogie,
Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,
And scart his *cogie*.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift
To a' the blasts beneath the lift,
An' tho' their stamack's aft in tift
In vacance-time,
Yet seenil do they ken the rift
O' stappit weym.

Now gin a *Notar* shou'd be wanted,
You'll find the *pillars* gayly planted;
For little thing *protests* are granted
Upo' a bill,
An' weightiest matters covenanted
For half a gill.

Nae body taks a morning dribb
O' *Holland gin* frae *Robin Gibb*;

An' tho' 'a dram to Rob's mair sib
 Than is his wife,
 He maun tak time to daut his *Rib*
 Till filler's rife.

This *vacance* is a heavy doom
 On *Indian Peter's* coffee-room,
 For a' his china pigs are toom;
 Nor do we see
 In wine the fucker biskets soom
 As light's a flee.

But stop, my Muse, nor mak a mane,
Pate disna fend on that alane;
 He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,
 While ither sock
 Maun rest themfels content wi' ane,
 Nor farrer trock.

Ye change-house keepers never grumble,
 Tho' you a while your bickers whumble,
 Be unco patientfu' an' humble,
 Nor mak a din,
 Tho' gude *joot* binna kent to rumble
 Your weym within.

You needna grudge to draw your breath
 For little mair than half a reath,
 Than, gin we a' be spar'd frae death,
 We'll gladly prie
 Fresh noggans o' your reaming graith
 Wi' blythesome glee.

LEITH RACES.

I.

IN July month, ae bonny morn,
 Whan Nature's rokely green
 Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
 To charm-our roving een;
 Glouring about I saw a quean,
 The fairest 'neath the lift;
 Her een were o' the filler sheen,
 Her *jein*-like snawy drift,
 Sae white that day.

II.

Quod she, "I ferly unco fair,
 "That ye sud mufand gae,
 "Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow-Fair,
 "Her winter's pranks an' play:
 "Whan on Leith-Sands the racers rare,
 "Wi' jockey-louns are met,
 "Their orro pennies there to ware,
 "An' drown themsel's in debt
 "Fu deep that day."

III.

An' wha are ye, my winsome dear,
 That taks the gate sae early?
 Where do ye win, gin ane may spear,
 For I right meikle ferly,
 That sic braw buskit laughing la's
 Thir bonny blinks shou'd gie,
 An' loup like *Hebe* o'er the grafs,
 As wanton an' as free
 Frae dule this day.

IV.

" I dwell amang the caller springs
 " That weet the *Land o' Cakes*,
 " An' aften tune my canty strings
 " At *bridals* an' *late-wakes*.
 " They ca' me *Mirth*; I ne'er was kend
 " To grumble or look foor,
 " But blythe wad be a lift to lend,
 " Gin ye wad sey my pow'r
 An' pith this day."

V.

A bargain be't, an', by my fegs,
 Gif ye will be my mate,
 Wi' you I'll screw the cherry pegs;
 Ye shanna find me blate;
 We'll reel an' ramble thro' the sands,
 An' jeer wi' a' we meet;
 Nor hip the daft an' gleeesome bands
 That fill Edina's street
 Sae thrang this day.

VI.

'Ere servant maids had wont to rise
 To seeth the breakfast kettle,
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,
 To put her on her mettle,
 Wi' wiles some filly chiel to trap
 (An' troth he's fain to get her,)
 But she'll craw kniefly in his crap,
 Whan, wow! he canna flit her
 Frac hame that day.

VII.

Now mony a scaw'd an' bare-ars'd lown
 Rise early to their wark,

Enough

Eneugh to fley a muckle town,
 Wi' dinfome squeel an' bark :
 " Here is the true an' faithfu' list
 " O' Noblemen an' Horses ;
 " Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,
 " That rin for *Plates* or *Purses*
 " Fu' fleet this day."

VIII.

To *Whisky Ploaks* that burnt for wooks
 On town-guard soldiers faces,
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
 An' scraps them for the races :
 Their *Stumps* erst us'd to *Filipegs*,
 Are dight in spatterdashies,
 Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs
 Frae weet an' weary plashes
 O' dirt that day.

IX.

" Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),
 " On guns your bagnets thraw ;
 " Now mind your manual exercife,
 " An' marsh down raw by raw."
 And as they march he'll glowr about,
 'Tent a' their cuts and scars :
 'Mang them fell mony a gauzy snout
 Has gusht in birth-day wars,
 Wi' blude that day.

X.

Her *Nanefel* maun be carefu' now,
 Nor maun she be misleard,
 Sin' baxter lads hae seal'd a vow
 To skelp an' clout the guard ;

I'm sure *Auld Reikie* kens o' nane
 That wou'd be sorry at it,
 Tho' they shou'd dearly pay the kane,
 An' get their tails weel fautit
 An' fair thir days.

XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*
 Are now less eident clinking,
 As lang's their pith or filler dow,
 They're daffin an' they're drinking.
 Bedown *Leith-walk* what bourochs reel
 O' ilka trade an' station,
 That gar their wives an' childer feel
 Toom weyms for their libation
 O' drink thir days.

XII.

The browfter wives thegither harl
 A' trash that they can fa' on ;
 They rake the grunds o' ilka barrel,
 To profit by the lawen :
 For weel wat they a skin leal het
 For drinking needs nae hire ;
 At drumly gear they tak nae pet ;
 Foul *water* flocksens *fire*,
 An' drouth thir days.

XIII.

They say ill ale has been the deid
 O' mony a beirdly lown ;
 Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
 To sweel hail bickers down ;
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
 They'll ban fu' fair the time

That

That e'er they toutit aff the horn,
Which wambles thro' their weym
Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech
Their bunch o' *Findrums* ery,
An' skirl out baul' in Norlan' speech
"Guid speldings, fa' will buy?"
An', by my faul, they're nae wrang gear
To gust a stirrah's mou;
Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spear
The price o' being fou
Wi' drink that day.

XV.

Now wyly wights at *Rowly Powl*,
An' flingan' o' the *Dice*,
Here brake the banes o' mony a soul
Wi' fa's upo' the ice:
At first the gate seems feir an' straught,
Sae they had fairly till her;
But wow! in spite o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their filler
An' gowd that day.

XVI.

Around where'er you sling your een,
The *Haiks* like wind are scourin';
Some chaises honest folk contain,
An' some hae mony a *Whore* in;
Wi' rose and lily, red and white,
They gie themselves sic fit airs,
Like *DIAN*, they will seem perfite;
But it's nae gowd that glitters
Wi' them thir days.

XVII.

The LYON here wi' open paw,
 May cleek in mony hunder,
 Wha geck at SCOTLAND and her law,
 His wyly talons under;
 For ken, tho' JAMIE's laws are auld,
 (Thanks to the wise recorder!)
 His Lyon yet roars loud and bauld,
 To had the whigs in order
 Sae prime this day.

XVIII.

To town-guard DRUM, of clangour clear,
 Baith men and steeds are raingit;
 Some liveries red or yellow wear,
 An' some are tartan spraingit!
 An' now the red, the blue e'en-now,
 Bids fairest for the market;
 But, 'ere the sport be done, I trow
 Their skins are gayly yarkit
 An' peel'd thir days,

XIX.

clike in Pantheon debates,
 Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;
 Then now some couli gets his aits,
 An' dirt wi' words they mingle;
 All up louns he wi' diction fu',
 There's lang and dreech contesting;
 For now they're near the point in view,
 Now ten miles frae the question
 In hand that night.

XX.

the races o'er, they hale the dools
 Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;

Great

Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,
The cripple lead the blind.

May ne'er the canker o' the drink

E'er mak our spirits thrawart,

'Case we git wharewitha' to wink

Wi' een as *blue's* a *blawart*

Wi' *fraiks* thir days!

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit.*

VIRG. Buc.

I.

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,

Whan *Batie* ca's his owfen to the byre,

Whan *Thrasher John*, fair dung, his barn-dore steeks,

An' luffy lasses at the dighting tire:

What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,

An' gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;

Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe an' bauld,

Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;

Begin, my Muse, an' chant in hamely strain.

II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,

Wi' *divets* theekit frae the weet an' drift,

Sods, *peats*, and *beath'ry truffs* the chimley fill,

An' gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift;

The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blythe to find,

Whan he out o'er the *balland* flings his een,

That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
 That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
 For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the pleughs require
 A heartsome *meltith*, an' refreshing synd
 O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
 Sair wark an' poortith douna weel be join'd.
 Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks:
 I' the far nook the *bowie* briskly reams;
 The readied *kail* stands by the chimley cheeks,
 An' had the riggin het wi' welcome streams;
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
 Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day,
 At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
 Nor dregs their noddle an' their sense confound,
 Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost wound.

V.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
 In *brulxies* frae the dawn to set o' sun;
 'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff an' strang,
 That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,
 Said Denmark's daring sons on yird along,
 Gar'd Scottish *thriftles* bang the Roman *bays*:
 Th For near our *crest* their heads they doughtna raise.

VI.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,
 The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gash
 O' simmer's *showery blinks* and winters sour,
 Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
 'Bout *kirk* an' *market* eke their tales gae on,
 How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,
 An' there how *Marion*, for a bastart son,
 Upo' the *catty stool* was forc'd to ride,
 The wae fu' scauld o' our *Mefs John* to bide.

VII.

The fient a chieps amang the bairnies now,
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane :
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
 Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco mane.
 In rangels round before the ingle's low,
 Frae *Gudame's* mouth auld warld tale they hear,
 O' *Warlocks* loupin round the *Wirrikow*,
 O ghaists that win in glen an' kirk-yard drear,
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shak wi' fear.

VIII.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
 Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill ;
 That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,
 An' corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.
 O mock na this, my friends ! but rather mourn,
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
 An' dim our dolesu' days wi' hairnly fear ;
 The mind's ay *cradled* when the *grave* is near.

IX.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,
 Tho' age her fair dow'd front wi' runkles wave,

Yet

Yet frae the ruffet lap the *spindle* plays,
 Her e'ening stent reels she as weel's the lave.
 On some feast-day, the *wee-things* buskit braw
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 Fu' caidgie that her head was up an' saw
 Her ain spun cleathing on a darling oy,
 Careless tho' death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

X.

In its auld *lerroch* yet the *deas* remains
 Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,
 A warm an' canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wintry leas:
 Round him will *badrins* an' the *colly* come,
 To wag their tail, an' cast a thankfu' eie
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 O' kebbock whang'd, an' dainty fadge to prie;
 This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till;
 How big a birn maun lie on *bassie's* back,
 For meal an' multure to the *thirling mill*.
 Neist the gudewife her hireling damsels bids
 Glowr thro' the byre, an' see the hawkies bound,
 Tak tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,
 An' ca' the laiglen's treasure o' the ground,
 Whilk spills a *kebbock* nice, or yellow pound.

XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begins to grien,
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
 The leaden God fa's heavy on their ein,
 An' haffin steeks them frae their daily toil;
 The cruizy too can only blink an' bleer,
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;

Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

XIII.

Peace to the husbandman an' a his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year !
Lang may his sock an' counter turn the gleyb !
An' bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear !
May SCOTIA's simmers ay look gay an' green,
Her yellow har'ft frae scowry blasts decreed !
May a her tenants sit fu' snug an' bein,
Frae the hard grip o' ails an' poortith freed,
An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed !

THE ELECTION.

Nunc est bibendum, et bendere BICKERUM magnum ;
Cavete TOWN GUARDUM, D——l G—dd—m atque
C—pb——m.

I.

REJOICE, ye BURGHERS, ane an' a',
Lang look't for's come at last ;
Sair war your backs held to the wa'
Wi' poortith an' wi' fast :
Now ye may clap your wings an' craw,
An' gaily busk ilk' feather,
For Deacon Cocks hae pass'd a law
To rax an' weet your leather
Wi' drink thir days.

II.

Haste Epps, quo John, an' bring my gizz !
Tak tent ye dinna't spulzie ;

Last night the barber gae't a frizz,

An' straitkit it wi' ulzie.

Hae done your *paritch*, lassie *Lixx*,

Gie me my fark an' gravat ;

I'll be as braw's the Deacon is

Whan he taks *Affidavit*

O' *Faith* the day.

III.

Whare's *Johnny* gaun, cries neebour *Bess*,

That he's sae gaily bodin,

Wi' new kaim'd wig, weel syndet face,

Silk hose, for hamely hodin ?

"Our *Johnny*'s nae sma' drink you'll guess,

"He's trig as ony muir-cock,

"An' forth to mak a Deacon, las ;

"He downa speak to poor fock

"Like us the day."

IV.

The coat ben-by i' the kist-nook,

That's been this towmonth swarming,

Is brought yence mair thereout to look,

To fleg awa the vermin ;

Menzies o' *moths* an' *flaes* are shook,

An' i' the floor they howder,

Till in a birn beneath the crook

They're singit wi' a scowder

To death that day.

V.

The canty cobbler quats his sta',

His *rozet* an' his *lingans* ;

His buik has dreed a fair, fair fa'

Frae meals o' *bread* an' *ingans* ;

Now he's a pow o' *wit* an' *law*,

An' taunts at soals an' heels ;

To *Walker's* he can rin awa,
 There whang his *creams* an' *jeels*
 Wi' life that day,

VI.

The lads in order tak their seat,
 (The de'il may claw the clunest!)
 They stegh an' connoch fae the meat,
 Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste;
 Their *claes* fae cleanly tight an' feat,
 An' eke their craw-black *beavers*,
 Like *masters* mows hae found the gate
 To tassels tough wi' slavers
 Fu' lang that day.

VII.

The dinner done, for brandy strang
 They cry to weet their thrapple,
 To gar the stamack bide the bang
 Nor wi' its laden grapple.
 The grace is said—its nae o'er lang;
 The claret reams in bells;
 Quod *Deacon* let the toast round gang,
 "Come, here's our *Noble fel's*
 "Weel met the day."

VIII.

Weels me o' drink, quo' *cooper* Will,
 My *barrel* has been geyz'd ay,
 An' has nae gotten sic a fill
 Sin' fu' on *Handsel-Teyday*:
 But makes na, now it's got a sweel,
 Ae gird I shanna cast lad,
 Or else I wish the horned de'il
 May *Will* wi' kittle cast dad
 To h—ll the day.

IX.

The *Magistrates* fu' wyly are,
 Their lamps are gayly blinkin,
 But they might as leive burn elsewhere,
 Whan fock's *blind fu' wi' drinkin*.
 Our *Deacon* wadna ca' a chair,
 The foul ane durst him na-say;
 He took *shanks naig*, but fient may care!
 He *arslins* kiis'd the causey
 Wi' *bir* that night.

X.

Weel loes me o' you, souter *Jock*,
 For tricks ye buit be trying,
 Whan greapin for his ain bed-stock,
 He fa's whare *Will's* wife's lying:
Will coming hame wi' ither fock,
 He saw *Jock* there before him;
 Wi' *Maister Laiglen*, like a brock,
 He did wi' stink maist smore him
 Fu' strang that night.

XI.

Then wi' a souple leathern whang
 He gart them sidge an' girn ay,
 "Faith, chiel, ye's nae for naething gang,
 "Gin ye maun reel my *pirney*."
 Syne wi' a muckle alshin lang
 He brodit *Maggie's* hurdies;
 An' cause he thought her i' the wrang,
 There pass'd nae bonny wordies
 'Tween them that night.

XII.

Now, had some laird his lady fand
 In sic unseemly courses,

It might hae loos'd the haly band,
 Wi' law-suits an' divorces :
 But the niest day they a' shook hands,
 And ilka *crack* did fowder,
 While *Megg* for drink her apron pawns,
 For a the gude-man cow'd her
 Whan fu' last night.

XIII.

Glowr round the cawsey, up an' down,
 What mobbing an' what plotting ;
 Here politicians bribe a loun
 Against his saul for voting.
 The gowd that inlakes half a crown
 Thir blades lug out to try them,
 They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town
 For weights an' scales to weigh them
 Exact that day.

XIV.

Then *Deacons* at the counsel stent
 To get themsel's presentit :
 For towmonths twa their saul is lent,
 For the town's gude indentit :
 Lang's their debating thereanent,
 About *Protests* they're bauthrin ;
 While *Sandy Fife*, to mak content,
 On *Bells* plays *Clout the Caudron*
 To them that day.

XV.

Ye lowns that troke in doctor's stuff,
 You'll now hae unco slaisters ;
 Whan windy blows their *slamacks* puff,
 They'll need baith pills and plaisters ;
 For tho' e'en-now they look right bluff,
 Sic drinks, 'ere *billocks* meet,

Will

Will hap some Deacons in a truff,
 Inrow'd in the lang leet
 O' death yon night.

TO THE
 TRON-KIRK BELL.

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
 As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
 What gar'd them sic in steeple hing
 They ken themsel',
 But weel wat I they coudna bring
 War sounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye? that I should bann,
 Your neither kin to pat nor pan;
 Nor *wy pig*, nor *maister-cann*,
 But weel may gie
 Mair pleasure to the ear o' man
 Than stroke o' thee.

Fleece merchants may look bauld I trow,
 Sin' a' *Auld Reikie's* childer now
 Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
 Thy sound to bang,
 An' keep it frae gawn thro' an' thro'
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noify tongue, there's nae abidin't:
 Like scaulding wife's, there is nae guidin't:
 Whan I'm 'bout ony bis'ness eident,
 It's fair to thole:

Will

To

To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't
Wi' senseless knoll.

O! were I Provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reeple down ;
Nor shud you think
(Sae fair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,
An' fain wad fa' ower in a nap,
Troth I cou'd doze as foun's a tap,
Wer't nae for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick ;
Quo' he, " This bell o' mine's a trick,
" A wyly piece o' politic,
" A cunnin snare
" To trap fock in a cloven stick,
" 'Ere they're aware,

" As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
" A' body at the kirk will skair ;
" Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
" Like it can wound,
" We douna care a single hair
" For joyfu' sound."

If magistrates wi' me wad 'gree,
For ay *tongue-tackit* shud ye be,
Nor fleg wi' *antimelody*

Sic honest fock,

Whafe

Whafe lugs were never made to dree
Thy dolefu' shock.

But far frae thee the *bailies* dwell,
Or they wud scunner at your knell:
Gie the *foul thief* his riven bell,
An' than, I trow,
The by-word hads, "the de'il himsel'
"Has got his due."

MUTUAL COMPLAINT
OF
PLAINSTANES AND CAUSEY,

IN THEIR MOTHER TONGUE.

SIN *Merlin* laid Auld Reikie's causey,
An' made her o' his wark right faucy,
The spacious *street* an' *plainstanes*
Were never kend to crack but anes,
Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
Whan * *Frazer's* uly tint its light;
O' Highland sentries nane were waukin,
To hear thir cronies glibly taukin;
For them this wonder might hae rotten,
An', like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,
Had na' a cadie, wi' his lanthorn,
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,
Wha came to me neist morning early,
To gie me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye

* *The Contractor for the lamps.*

Ye taunting lowns, trow this nae joke,
 For anes the afs of Balaam spoke,
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth,
 For it spake naething but the truth !
 Whether they follow its example,
 You'll ken best whan you hear the sample.

Plainstones. My friend, thir hunder years and mair,
 We've been forfoughen late and air,
 In sun-shine, and in weety weather,
 Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.
 I never growl'd, but was content
 Whan ilk an had an equal stent ;
 But now to flyte I've e'en be bauld,
 Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd.
 How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,
 Hair-kaimers, criefhy gizey-makers,
 Shou'd a' get leave to waste their powders
 Upo' my beaux and ladies shoulders ?
 My travellers are fley'd to deid
 Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,
 Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,
 That aften gie the maidens sic licks,
 As mak them blythe to skreen their faces
 Wi' bats and muckle maun *bon-graces*,
 An' cheat the lads that fain wad see
 The glances o' a pauky eie,
 Or gie their loves a wylie wink,
 That erst might lend their hearts a clink !
 Speak, was I made to dree the ladin
 O' Gallic chairman heavy treadin,
 Wha in my tender buke bore holes
 Wi' waefu' tacketts i' the soals
 O' broggs, whilk on my body tramp,
 An' wound like death at ilka clamp ?

Causey.

Causey. Weil crackit, friend—It aft hads true,

Wi' naething fock mak maist ado:

Weel ken ye, tho' you doughtna tell,

I pay the fairest kain mysell;

Owr me ilk day big waggon's rumble,

An' a' my fabric birze an' jumble;

Owr me the muckle horfes gallop,

Eneugh to rug my very saul up;

An' coachmen never trow they're sinning,

While down the street their wheels are spinning.

Like thee, do I not bide the brunt

O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt?

Yet I hae never thought o' breathing

Complaint, or making din for naething.

Plainstanes. Had sae, and let me get a word in,

Your back's best fitted for the burden;

An' I can eithly tell you why,

Ye're doughtier by far than I;

For whin-stanes, howkit frae the craigs,

May thole the prancing feet o' naigs,

Nor ever fear uncanny hotches

Frae clumsy carts or hackney-coaches,

While I, a weak an' feckless creature,

Am moulded by a faster nature.

Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,

To gar me look baith clean an' feat,

I scarce can bear a fairer thump

Than come frae sole o' shoe or pump.

I grant, indeed, that now an' than,

Yield to a *paten's* pith I maun;

But patens, tho' they're aften plenty,

Are ay laid down wi' feet fu' tenty,

An' strokes frae ladies, tho' they're teasing,

I freely maun avow are pleasing.

P

For

For what use was I made, I wonder !
 It was nae tamely to chap under
 The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,
 That does my skin to targets peel ;
 But gin I guess aright, my trade is
 To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies,
 To keep the bairnies free frae harms
 Whan airing i' their nurfes arms,
 To be a safe and canny bield
 For growing youth or drooping eild.

Tak then frae me the heavy load
 O' burden-bearers heavy shod,
 Or, by my troth, the gude auld town fall
 Hae this affair before their council.

Causey. I dinna care a fingle jot,
 Tho' summon'd by a shelly-coat ;
 Sae leally I'll propone defences,
 As get ye flung for my expences ;
 Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,
 An' hae a *magnum damnum datum* ;
 For tho' frae *Arthur's-seat* I sprang,
 An' am in constitution strang,
 Wad it nae fret the hardest stane
 Beneath the *Luckenbooths* to grane ?
 Tho' magistrates the *Crofs* discard,
 It makes na whan they leave the *Guard* !
 A lumberfome and stinkin bigging,
 That rides the fairest on my rigging.
 Poor me owr meikle do ye blame,
 For tradesmen tramping on your wame,
 Yet a' your advocates an' braw fock,
 Come still to me 'twixt ane an' twa 'clock,
 And never yet were kent to range
 At *Charlie's Statue* or *Exchange*.

Then

Then tak your beaux and macaronies,
 Gie me trades-fock and country Johnnies;
 The de'il's in't gin ye dinna sign
 Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

Plainstanes. Gin we twa cou'd be as auld-farrant
 As gar the council gie a warrant,
 Ilk lown rebellious to tak,
 Wha walks not i' the proper track,
 An' o' three shillings Scottish souk him,
 Or in the *water-hole* fair douk him,
 This might assist the poor's collection,
 And gie baith parties satisfaction.

Causey. But first, I think it will be good
 To bring it to the *Robinhood* *,
 Where we shall hae the question stated,
 An' keen and crabbitly debated,
 Whether the provost an' the bailies,
 For the town's gude whafe daily toil is,
 Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,
 An' see obtemper'd the conditions.

Plainstanes. Content am I—But east the gate is
 The Sun, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,
 An' comes to waken honest fock,
 That gang to wark at sax o'clock;
 It sets us to be dumb a while,
 An' let our words gie place to toil.

A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.

ON auld worm-eaten skelf, in cellar dunk,
 Where hearty benders synd their drouthy trunk,

P 2

Twa

* Now called the PANTHEON.

Twa chappin bottles pang'd wi' liquor fu',
 BRANDY the tane, the tither WHISKY blue,
 Grew canker'd; for the twa were het within,
 An' het-skin'd sock to flyting soon begin:
 The FRENCHMAN fizz'd, an' first wad fit the field,
 While paughty SCOTSMAN scorn'd to beenge or yield,
Brandy. Black be your fa! ye cottar loun missear'd,
 Blawn by the *Porters, Chairman, City-Guard*;
 Hae ye nae breeding, that you cock your nose
 Against my sweetly gusted cordial dose.
 I've been near pauky courts, an' aften there
 Hae ca'd *hystericks* frae the dowy fair;
 An' *courtiers* aft gaed griening for my smack,
 To gar them bauldly glour, an' gashly crack.
 The *priest*, to bang mishanters black an' cares,
 Has sought me in his closet for his prayers.
 What tig then takes the fates, that they can thole
 Thrawart to fix me i' this weary hole,
 Sair fash'd wi' din, wi' darknefs, an' wi' stinks,
 Where cheery day-light thro' the mirk ne'er blinks.

Whisky. But ye maun be content, an' maunna rue,
 Tho' erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou';
 Wi' thoughts like thae your heart may fairly dunt;
 The warld's now chang'd, its nae like use an' wont;
 For here, wae's me! there's nouthier lord nor laird
 Come to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd;
 Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face,
 For they glour eiry at a friend's disgrace;
 But heeze your heart up—Whan at court you hear
 The patriot's *thrapple* wat wi' reaming *beer*;
 Whan *chairman*, weary wi' his daily gain,
 Can synd his *whistle* wi' the clear *champaign*;
 Be hopefu', for the time will soon row round,
 Whan you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

Brandy.

Brandy. Wandwordy gowk ! did I sae aften shine
 Wi' gowden glister thro' the chrystal fine,
 To thole your taunts, that seemil hae been seen
 Awa frae *luggie, quegh, or truncher treein* ;
 Gif honour wad but lat, a *challenge* shou'd
 Twine ye o' *Highland tongue* and *Highland blude* ;
 Wi' cairds like thee I scorn to file my thumb,
 For gentle spirits gentle breeding doom.

Whisky. Truly I think it right you get your alms,
 Your high heart humbled amang common drams :
 Braw days for you, whan fools, newfangle-fain,
 Like ither countries better than their ain ;
 For there ye never saw sic chancy days,
 Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays :
 Hame-o'er langsyne you hae been blythe to pack
 Your a' upon a *farkless* soldier's back ;
 For you thir lads, as weel-lear'd trav'lers tell,
 Had sell'd their *farks*, gin *farks* they'd had to sell.

But worth gets poortith an' black burning shame,
 To draunt and drevil out a life at hame.

Alake ! the byword's owr weel kent throughout,
 "Prophets at hame are held in nae repute ;"

Sae fair't wi' me, tho' I can het the skin,

An' set the faul upo' a mirry pin,

Yet I am hameil, there's the sour mischance !

I'm nae frae Turkey, Italy, or France ;

For now our gentles gabbs are grown sae nice,

At thee they toot, an' never speir my price :

Witness—for thee they hight their tenants rent,

An' fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent ;

Gar them o'er seas for cheaper mailins hunt,

An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o'-mount.

Bran. Tho' lairds tak toothfu's o' my warming sap,

This dwines nor tenants gear, nor cows their crap ;

For love to you there's mony a tenant gaes
 Bare-ars'd an' barefoot o'er the Highland braes;
 For you nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees
 Her lasses kirk, or birze the dainty cheese;
Crummie nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune,
 Wi' milknefs dreeping frae her teats adown:
 For you owr ear' the ox his fate partakes,
 An' fa's a victim to the bludy aix.

Whisky, Wha is't that gars the greedy Bankers prieve
 The *Maiden's* tocher, but the *Maiden's* leave;
 By you when spulzied o' her charming pose,
 She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldribe joes;
 Wi' skelps like this sock fit but seenil down
 To *wether-gammon* or *howtowdy* brown;
 Sair dung wi' dule, an' fley'd for coming debt,
 They gar their *mou'-bits* wi' their *incomes* met,
 Content enough gif they hae wherewithal
 Scrimply to tack their body an' their saul.

Brandy, Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,
 Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye have'il Scot,
 Or burgher politician, that embrues
 His tongue in thee, an' reads the claiiking news;
 But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell
 In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,
 While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,
 Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

Whisky. Troth I hae been 'ere now the poet's flame,
 And heez'd his sangs to mony blythsome theme,
 Wha was't gar'd *ALLIE's chaunter* chirm fu' clear,
 Life to the saul, an' mufic to the ear:
 Nae stream but kens, an' can repeat the lay
 To shepherd streekit on the simmer brae,
 Wha to their *whistle* wi' the lav'rock bang,
 To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

Brandy

Bran. But here's the brouster-wife, an' she can tell
Wha's win the day, an' wha shou'd wear the bell:
Hae done your dip, an' let her judgment join
In final verdict 'twixt your pley and mine.

Landlady. In days o' yore I cou'd my living prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;
But now, a-days we're blythe to lear the thrift
Our heads 'boon *licence* and *excise* to lift:
Inlakes o' BRANDY we can soon supply
By WHISKY tinctur'd wi' the *saffron's* dye.

Will you your breeding threep, ye *mongrel loun*!
Frae hame-bred liquor dy'd to colour brown?
So *stunky* braw, whan drest in maister's claife,
Struts to Auld Reikie's croos on sunny days,
Till some auld comrades, ablins out o' place,
Near the vain upstart shaws his meagre face;
Bumbaz'd he louns frae sight, an' jooks his ken,
Fley'd to be seen amang the tassel'd train.

To the PRINCIPAL and PROFESSORS of the University
of St ANDREW'S, on their superb Treat to Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ST ANDREW'S town may look right gawfy,
Nae *Grass* will grow upo' her cawsey,
Nor wa'-flow'r o' a yellow dye,
Glowr dowy o'er her *Ruins* high,
Sin' *Sammy's* head weel pang'd wi' lear
Has seen the *Alma Mater* there:
Regents, my winsome billy boys!
'Bout him ye've made an unco noise;
Nae doubt for him your bells wad clink
To find him upon *Eden's* brink,

An'

An' a' things nicely set in order,
 Wad keep him on the Fife border;
 I'll warrant now, frae France an' Spain,
 Baith *Cooks* an' *Scullions* mony ane
 Wad gar the pats an' kettles tingle
 Around the college kitchen ingle,
 To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,
 Wi' reeking het an' creeshy soup;
 An' *snails* an' *puddocks* mony hunder
 Wad beeking lie the hearth-stane under,
 Wi' roast an' boil'd, an' a' kin kind,
 To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,
 How I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare!
 For ne'er sic surly wight as he
 Had met wi' sic respect frae me.
 Mind ye what *Sam*, the lying loun!
 Has in his *Dictionary* laid down?
 That aits in England are a feast,
 To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast,
 While in Scots ground this growth was common
 To gust the gab o' *Man* an' *Woman*.

Tak tent, ye *Regents*! then, an' hear
 My list o' gudely hameil gear,
 Sic as hae aften rax'd the wyme
 O' blyther fallows mony time,
 Mair hardy, souple, steeve, an' swank,
 Than ever stood on *Sammy's* shank.

Imprimis, then, a haggis fat,
 Weel tott'l'd in a seything pat,
 Wi' *spice* an' *ingans* weel ca'd thro',
 Had help'd to gust the stirrah's mow,
 An' plac'd itself in truncher clean
 Before the gilpy's glowrin ein.

Secundo

Secundo, then, a gude sheep's head,
 Whase hide was singit, never flead,
 An' four black trotters clad wi' girsle,
 Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
 What think ye neist o' gude fat brose,
 To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!
 An' white an' bloody puddins routh,
 To gar the Doctor skirl, O Drouth!
 Whan he cou'd never houp to merit
 A cordial glafs o' reaming claret,
 But thraw his nose, an' brize an' pegh
 O'er the contents o' sma' ale quegh;
 Then let his wisdom girn an' snarl
 O'er a weel-toffit girdle farl,
 An' learn, that, maugre o' his wame,
 Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.

DRUMMOND, lang syne, o' Hawthornden,
 The wyliest an' best o' men,
 Has gien you dishes ane or mae,
 That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,
 Not to *Roast Beef*; Auld England's life!
 But to the auld *East Nook of Fife**,
 Whare Craillian crafts cou'd weel hae gi'en
 Scate-rumples to hae clear'd his ein;
 Than neist, whan *Sammy's* heart was faintin,
 He'd lang'd for scate to mak him wanton.

Ah! willawins for Scotland now,
 Whan she maun stap ilk birkie's mow
 Wi' eistacks, grown as 'tware in pet
 In foreign land, or green-house het,
 Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon
 Is a' our cottar childer's boon,
 Wha

* Alluding to two tunes under these titles.

Wha thro' the week, till Sunday's speal,
Toil for pease-clods an' gude lang kail.

Devall then, Sirs, an' never send,
For daintiths to regale a friend,
Or, like a torch at baith ends burning,
Your house'll soon grow mirk an' mourning !

† What's this I hear some cynic say ?
Robin, ye loun ! it's nae fair play ;
Is there nae ither subject rife
To clap your thumb upo' but *Fife* ?
Gie o'er, young man, you'll meet your coming,
Than caption war, or charge o' horning ;
Some canker'd surly, sour-mou'd carline
Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,
Your shoulders yet may gie a lounder,
An' be of verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades ! but 'ere ye tulzie,
Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gulzie,
Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,
Nor o'er an empty bicker blink ;
What weets the wizen an' the wyme
Will mend your prose, an' heal my rhyme.

ELEGY

[† Our Author here alludes to a misunderstanding he had with a Gentleman, a native of Dunfermline, who took amiss the concluding reflection in the *EXPEDITION TO FIFE* so much, that he sent him a challenge ; but which our Author treated with great contempt.]

ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG,

LATE PORTER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS.

DEATH, what's ado? the de'il belicket,
 Or wi' your *stang* you ne'er had pricket,
 Or our *auld* ALMA MATER tricket
 O' poor John Hogg,
 An' trail'd him ben thro' your mirk wicket
 As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun
 May dander wae wi' *duddy gown* ;
 Late Kennedy* to dowie crune
 May mourn an' clink,
 An' steeples o' St Andrews town
 To yird may sink.

Sin' *Pauly Tam* †, wi' canker'd snout,
 First held the students in about,
 To wear their claes as black as foot,
 They ne'er had reason,
 Till Death John's haffit gae a clout
 Sae out o' season.

Whan *regents* met at common schools,
 He taught auld *Tam* to hale the dules,
 An' eident to row right the bowls,
 Like ony emmock ;

He

* *A bell in the College steeple.*

† *A name given by the students, at that time, to one of the members of the University.*

He kept us a' within the rules
 Strict academic.

Heh ! wha will tell the students now
 To meet the *Pauly* cheek for chow,
 Whan he, like *frightsome wirrikow*,
 Had wont to rail,
 An' set our stamacks in a low,
 Or we turn'd tail.

Ah, Johnny ! aften did I grumble
 Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tumble,
 Whan art an' part I'd been in some ill,
 Troth I was swear ;
 His words they brodit like a wumil
 Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,
 John than begude to moralize :
 " The *tither nap* the *sluggard* cries,
 An' turns him round,
 " Sae spake auld Solomon the wise,
 " Divine profound !"

Nae dominie, or wife Mefs John,
 Was better lear'd in Solomon ;
 He cited proverbs one by one
 Ilk vice to tame ;
 He gar'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,
 An' fear hell's flame.

" I hae nae meikle skill, quo' he,
 " In what you ca' philosophy ;
 " It tells that baith the earth an' sea
 " Rin round about ;

" Either

"Either the Bible tells a lie,
 " Or ye're a' out.

"It's i' the *Psalms* o' David writ,
 "That this wide warld ne'er shou'd flit,
 "But on the waters coshly sit
 "Fu' steeve an' lasting :
 "An' was na he a head o' wit
 " At sic contesting !"

On einings cauld wi' glee we'd trudge
 To heat our shins in Johnny's lodge ;
 The de'il ane thought his bum to budge
 Wi' filler on us :
 To claw *bet pints* we'd never grudge
 O' *molationis*.

Say, ye *red gowns* ! that aften here
 Hae toasted Cakes to *Katie's* beer
 Gin 'ere thir days hae had their peer,
 Sae blythe, sae daft !
 You'll ne'er again in life's career
 Sit ha'f sae fast.

Wi' haffit locks sae smooth an' sleek,
 John look'd like ony antient Greek ;
 He was a Naz'rene a' the week,
 An' doughtna tell out
 A bawbee Scots to scrape his cheek
 Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay loo'd to turn the pence,
 Thought poortith was a great offence :
 "What recks tho' ye ken *mood an' tense* ?
 " A hungry *wyme*

Either

Q

For

"For *gowd* wad wi' them baith dispense
 "At ony time.

"Ye-ken what ails maun ay befall
 "The chiel that will be prodigal;
 "Whan waisted to the very spaul
 "He turns his tusk,
 "For want o' comfort to his faul
 "O' hungry huffk."

Ye royt louns! juist do as he'd do;
 For mony a braw green *sbaw* an' *meadow*
 He's left to cheer his dowie widow,
 His winsome *Kate*,
 That to him prov'd a canny she-dow,
 Baith ear' an' late.

THE GHAISTS:

A KIRK-YARD ECLOGUE.

*Did you not say in good ANNE's day,
 And vow and did protest, Sir,
 That when HANOVER should come o'er
 We surely should be blest, Sir?*
 An auld Sang made new again.

WHARE the braid planes in dowy murmurs wave
 Their ancient taps out o'er the cauld-clad grave,
 Whare *Geordie Girdwood* *, mony a lang-spun day,
 Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,

Twa

* *The late Sexton.*

Twa sheeted ghaists, sae grizly and sae wan,
 'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

Watf. Cauld blaws the nippin north wi' angry sough,
 An' showers his hailstones frae the Castle Cleugh
 O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,
 Bogles and spectres wont to tak their tour,
 Harlin the pows and shanks to hidden cairns,
 Among the hamlocks wild, and sun-burnt fearns:
 But nane the night, fave you an' I, hae come
 Frae the dreer mansions o' the midnight tomb.
 Now whan the dawning's near, whan cock maun crow,
 An' wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,
 Ayont the kirk we'll stap, an' there tak bield,
 While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

Herriot. I'm weel content; but binna cassen down,
 Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame o'er soon,
 For tho' the eastern list betakens day,
 Changing her rokely black for mantle grey,
 Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,
 Nor sheds the caller moisture frae his wings.

Nature has chang'd her course; the birds o' day
 Dozen in silence on the bending spray,
 While owlets round the craigs at noon-tide flee,
 An' bludy-bawks sit singand on the tree.

Ah, *Caledon!* the land I yence held dear,
 Sair mane mak I for thy destruction near;
 An' thou *Edina!* anes my dear abode,
 Whan royal *Jamie* sway'd the sovereign rod,
 In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd
 To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd;
 To mak thee sonfy seem wi' mony a gift,
 An' gar thy stately turrets speel the list:
 In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimcrack pains,
 In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes:

In vain did he affix my statue here,
 Brawly to bask wi' flow'rs ilk coming year;
 My tow'rs are sunk, my lands are barren now,
 My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs, maun dow.

Watson. Sure *Major Weir*, or some sic warlock wight,
 Has flung beguillin' glamour o'er your fight;
 Or else some kittle cantrip thrown, I ween,
 Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa ein,
 If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd
 (An' seenil hae my senses been deceiv'd),
 This mament, o'er the tap o' *Adams'* tomb,
 Fu' easy can I see your chiefest dome:
 Nae corbie fleein there, nor croupin craws,
 Seem to forspeak the ruins o' thy haws,
 But a' your tow'rs in wonted order stand,
 Steeye as the rocks that hem our native land.

Herriot. Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain,
 Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.
 Black be the day that e'er to England's ground
 Scotland was eiket by the *Union's* bond;
 For mony a menzie o' destructive ills
 The country now maun brook frae *mortmain bills*,
 That void our test'ments, an' can freely gie
 Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,
 That he may tir our stateliest riggins bare,
 Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishins spare,
 Till he can lend the stoitering state a lift
 Wi' gowd in gowpins as a grassum gift;
 In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content
 To tyne the capital for three *per cent*.
 A doughty sum indeed, whan now-a-days
 They raise provisions as the stents they raise,
 Yoke hard the poor, an' lat the rich chieils be,
 Pamper'd at ease by ither's industry.

Hale interest for my fund can scantily now
 Cleed a' my callants backs, and flap their mous:
 How maun their weyms wi' fairest hunger slack,
 Their duds in targets flaff upo' their back,
 When they are doom'd to keep a lasting Lent,
 Starving for England's weel at three *per cent*!

Watson. AULD REIKIE than may blefs the gowden
 Whan honesty an' poortith baith are crimes; (times,
 She little kend, whan you and I endow'd
 Our hospitals for back-gaun burghers gude,
 That e'er our filler or our lands shou'd bring
 A gude bien living to a back-gaun king:
 Wha, thanks to Ministry! is grown sae wise,
 He downa chew the bitter end of vice;
 For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,
 Wad honest houses bawdy-houses grow,
 The Crown wad never speir the price o' fin,
 Nor hinder youngers to the de'il to rin!
 But gif some mortal green for pious fame,
 An' leave the poor man's pray'r to sain his name,
 His gear maun a' be scatter'd by the claws
 O' ruthless, ravenous, an' harpy laws.
 Yet, shou'd I think, altho' the bill tak place,
 The Council winna lack sae meikle grace,
 As lat our heritage at wanworth gang,
 Or the succeeding generations wrang
 O' braw bien maintenance and wealth o' lear,
 Whilk else had drappit to their children's skair;
 For mony a deep, and mony a rare engyne
 Hae sprung frae Herriot's Wark, and sprung frae mine.

Herriot. I find, my friend, that ye but little ken,
 'There's ei'now on the earth a set o' men,
 Wha, if they get their private pouches lin'd,
 Gie nae a winnellstrae for a' mankind;

They'll sell their country, flae their conscience bare,
 To gar the weigh-bauk turn a single hair.
 The Government need only bait the line
 Wi' the prevailing flee, the gowden coin;
 Than our executors, and wise trustees,
 Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas,
 Upo' their dwining country girn in sport,
 Laugh i' their sleeve, and get a place at court.

Watf. 'Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick
 Some ghaist that trokes an' conjures wi' *Auld Nick*,
 To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,
 An' weightier thuds than ever mortal saw:
 Fire-flaught and hail, wi' tenfauld fury's fires,
 Shall lay yard-laigh Edina's airy spires:
 Tweed shall rin rowtin' down his banks out o'er,
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r;
 Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,
 An' mourn in dowy saughs her dowy lot.

Herriot. Yonder's the tomb o' wife *Mackenzie* fam'd,
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd,
 Freed the hale land o' covenanting fools,
 Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools;
 Till night we'll tak the sward aboon our pows,
 An' than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,
 We'll travel to the vault wi' stealing stap,
 An' wauk *Mackenzie* frae his quiet nap;
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,
 May fleg the schemers o' the *mortmain bill*.

[*The preceding Poem was written about the time a Bill was in agitation for vesting the whole Funds of Hospitals, and other Charities throughout the Kingdom, in Government stock at three per cent.*]

TO MY AULD BREEKS.

NOW gae your wa's—Tho' anes as gude
 As ever happit *flesh* an' *blude*,
 Yet part we maun—The case sae hard is
 Amang the Writers an' the Bardies,
 That lang they'll brook the *auld* I trow,
 Or neighbours cry, "Weel brook the *new*."
 Still making tight wi' tither steek
 The tither hole, the tither eik,
 To bang the birr o' Winter's anger,
 An' had the hurdies out o' langer.

Siclike some weary wight will fill
 His kyte wi' *drogs* frae doctor's *bill*,
 Thinking to tack the tither year
 To life, an' look baith hail an' fier,
 Till at the lang-run Death dirks in,
 To birze his faul ayont his skin.

You needna wag your *duds* o' clouts,
 Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,
 To think that erst you've hain'd my *tail*
 Frae *wind* an' *weet*, frae *snaw* an' *hail*,
 An' for reward, when bauld an' hummil,
 Frae garret high to dree a tumble.
 For you I car'd as lang's ye dow'd
 Be lin'd wi' filler or wi' gowd :
 Now to befriend, it wad be folly,
 Your raggit hide an' pouches holey ;
 For wha but kens a poet's placks
 Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,
 An' canna thole to hae them tint,
 As he sae seenil sees the mint ?
 Yet round the warld keek an' see,
 That ithers fare as ill as thee ;

For

For weel we loe the chiel we think
 Can get us tick, or gie us drink,
 Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,
 Than we despise, an' hae forgot him.

Yet gratefu' hearts, to mak amends,
 Will ay be sorrow for their friends,
 An' I for thee—As mony a time
 Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhyme,
 Whare for the time the Muse ne'er cares
 For filler, or sic guilefu' wares,
 Wi' whilk we drumly grow, an' crabbit,
 Dour, capernoited, thrawin gabbit.
 An' brither, sister, friend an' fae,
 Without remeid o' kindred, slae.

You've seen me round the bickers reel
 Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,
 An' face sae apen, free an' blyth,
 Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth;
 But the neist mament this was lost,
 Like gowan in December's frost.

Cou'd *Prick-the-louse* but be so handy
 As mak the breeks an' claes to stand ay,
 Thro' thick an' thin wi' you I'd dash on,
 Nor mind the folly o' the fashion:
 But, hegh! the times *vicissitudo*
 Gars ithers breeks decay as you do.
 The Macaronies, brow an' windy,
 Maun fail—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Now speed you to some madam's chaumer,
 That but an' ben rings dule an' clamour,
 Ask her, in kindness, if she seeks
 In hidling ways to wear the breeks?
 Safe you may dwell, tho' mould an' motty,
 Beneath the veil o' under coatie,

For

For this mair fauts nor your's can screen
Frae lover's quickest sence, his ein.

Or gif some bard, in lucky times,
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhimes,
An' pace awa' wi' smirky face,
In filler or in gowden lace,
Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt,
Remind him o' his former want,
To cow his daffin an' his pleasure,
An' gar him live within the measure.

So *Philip*, it is said, who wou'd ring
O'er *Macedon* a just an' gude king,
Fearing that power might plume his feather,
An' bid him stretch beyond his tether,
Ilk morning to his lug wad ca'
A tiny servant o' his ha',
To tell him to improve his span,
For *Philip* was, like him, a *Man*.

AULD REIKIE.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town,
That *Scotland* kens beneath the moon !
Whare couthy chiels at e'ening meet
Their bizzing *craigs* an' *mous* to weet ;
An' blythly gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkit an' wi' bleering eye :
O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the *Simmer*'s green,
Whan flow'rs an' gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent ;
But now the *leaves* o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the *branches*, quickly fly ;

An'

An' now frae nouthar bush nor briar
The spreckl'd *mavis* greets your ear ;
Nor bonny blackbird *skims* an' *rowes*
To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then *Reikie*, welcome ! Thou canst charm
Undleggit by the year's alarm ;
Not Boreas that sae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose :
Thanks to our *dads*, whafe biggin stands
A shelter to surrounding lands.

Now morn, wi' bonny purple smiles,
Kisses the air-cock o' St Giles ;
Rakin their ein, the servant lassies
Early begin their lies an' clashes ;
Ilk tells her friend o' saddest distress,
That still she brooks frae scouling mistress ;
An' wi' her joe in turnpike stair
She'd rather snuff the stinking air,
As be subjected to her tongue,
When justly censur'd i' the wrong.

On stair wi' *tub*, or *pat* in hand,
The barefoot *houfemaids* loe to stand,
That antrin sock may ken how *snell*
Auld Reikie will at morning *snell* :
Then, with an *inundation* big as
The *burn* that 'neath the *Nor' Loch brig* is,
They kindly shower Edina's roses,
To *quicken* and *regale* our *noses*.
Now some for this, wi' satire's leesh,
Hae g'ien auld Edinbrough a creesh :
But without souring nocht is sweet ;
The morning smells that hail our street,
Prepare and gently lead the way
To simmer canty, braw and gay :

Edina's

Edina's sons mair eithly share
 Her spices an' her dainties rare,
 Than he that's never yet been call'd
 Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stair-head critics, senseless fools,
Censure their aim, and *pride* their rules,
 In *Luckenbooths* wi' glouring eye,
 Their neighbours sma'est fauts descry :
 If ony loun shou'd dander there,
 O' aukward gate, and foreign air,
 They trace his steps, till they can tell
 His *pedigree* as weel's himsell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
 An' schools at noon-day get the play,
 Then, bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes,
 The trader glours ; he doubts, he hums :
 The lawyers eke to crofs repair,
 Their wigs to shaw, an' tofs an air ;
 While busy agent closely plies,
 An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
 Is wi' her usual rites begun ;
 Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,
 An' globes send out their blinkin rays.
 The usfu' cadie plies in street,
 To bide the profits o' his feet ;
 For by thir lads Auld Reikie's fock
 Ken but a *sample* o' the stock
 O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
 An' mak baith goods an' gear the less.
 Near him the lazy chairman stands,
 An' wats na how to turn his hands ;
 Till some daft birky, ranting fu',
 As matters somewhere else to do ;

The

The chairman willing gi'es his light
To deeds o' darkness and o' night.

It's never sax-pence for a lift
That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift;
For they wi' better gear are paid,
An' *whores* an' *culls* support their trade.

Near some lamp-post, wi' dowy face,
Wi' heavy ein, an' sour grimace,
Stands she that beauty lang had kend,
Whoredom her trade, an' vice her end.
But see whare now she wins her bread
By that which nature ne'er decreed;
An' vicious ditties sings to please
Fell Dissipation's votaries.
Whane'er we reputation lose,
Fair Chastity's transparent gloss!
Redemption seenil kens the name,
But a's black misery an' shame.

Frae joyous tavern, reeling drunk,
Wi' fiery phizz, and ein half sunk,
Behad the bruiser, fae to a'
That in the reek o' gardies fa'
Close by his side, a feckless race
O' macaronies shaw their face,
An' think they're free frae skaith or harm,
While pith befriends their leaders arm:
Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,
They quit the glory o' the faught
To this same warrior wha led
Thae heroes to bright honour's bed;
An' aft the hack o' honour shines
In bruiser's face wi' broken lines:
O' them sad tales he tells anon,
Whan ramble an' whan fighting's done;

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An', like Hectorian, ne'er impairs
The brag an' glory o' his fairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plash,
An' sock to wale their fustaps fash;
At night the macaroni drunk,
In pools an' gutters aftimes sunk:
Hegh! what a fright he now appears,
Whan he his corpse dejected rears!
Look at that head, an' think if there
The pommet flaster'd up his hair!
The cheeks observe, whare now cou'd shine
The scanfing glories o' carmine!
Ah, legs! in vain the silk-worm there
Display'd to view her eident care;
For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,
An' clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now some to porter, some to punch,
Some to their wife, an' some their wench,
Retire, while noisy ten-hours' drum
Gars a' your trades gae dand'ring home.
Now mony a club, jocose an' free,
Gie a' to merriment an' glee:
Wi' sang an' glass, they fley the pow'r
O' care that wad harrass the hour:
For wine and Bacchus still bear down
Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown:
It maks you stark, an' bauld, an' brave,
E'en whan descending to the grave.

Now some, in *Pandemonium's** shade,
Resume the gormandizing trade;
Whare eager *looks*, an' glancing *ein*,
Forespeak a *heart* an' *stamack* keen.
Gang on, my lads; it's lang sin syne
We kent auld *Epicurus*' line;

R

Save

* *A social Club.*

Save you the *board* wad cease to rise,
 Bedight wi' *daintiths* to the skies;
 An' salamanders cease to swill
 'The *comforts* o' a *burning* gill.

But chief, O *Cape!* * we crave thy aid,
 To get our cares an' poortith laid:
 Sincerity, an' genius true,
 O' knights have ever been the due:
 Mirth, music, porter deepest dy'd,
 Are never here to worth deny'd;
 An' health, o' happiness the queen,
 Blinks bonny, wi' her smile serene.

Tho' joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,
 Estfoons she kens sad sorrow's frowns;
 What group is yon fae dismal, grim,
 Wi' horrid aspect, cleeding dim?
 Says Death, they're mine, a dowie crew,
 To me they'll quickly pay their last adieu.

How come mankind, whan lacking woe,
 In *Saulie's* face their hearts to show,
 As if they were a clock to tell
 That grief in them had rung her bell?
 Then, what is man? why a' this phrase?
 Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.
 Let sober grief alane declare
 Our fond anxiety an' care:
 Nor let the undertakers be
 The only waeft' friends we see.

Come on, my Muse, an' then rehearse
 The gloomiest theme in a' your verse:
 In mornings when aye keeks about,
 Fu' blythe an' free frae ail, nae doubt
 He lippens na to be misled
 Among the regions o' the dead:

But

* *A social Club.*

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But straight a painted corp he sees,
 Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.
 Soon, soon will this his mirth controul,
 An' send d——n to his soul :
 Or whan the dead-dale, (awfu' shape!)
 Maks frightened mankind girn an' gape,
 Reflection than his reason fours,
 For the neist dead-dale may be ours.
 When Sybil led the Trojan down
 To haggard *Pluto's* dreary town,
 Shapes war nor thae I freely ween,
 Cou'd never meet the foger's ein.

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
 Edina's street attracts the sight ;
 Not Covent-garden, clad sae braw,
 Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :
 For mony a yeard is here fair fought,
 That kail an' cabbage may be bought,
 An' healthfu' fallad to regale,
 Whan pumper'd wi' a heavy meal.
 Glour up the street at simmer morn,
 The birk sae green, an' sweet-briar thorn,
 Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,
 Ca' far awa the morning smell,
 Wi' which our ladies' flow'r-pat's fill'd,
 An' every noxious vapour kill'd.
 O nature ! canty, blythe an' free,
 Whare is there keeking-glass like thee ?
 Is there on earth that can compare
 Wi' Mary's shape, an' Mary's air,
 Save the empurpl'd speck that grows
 In the saft faulds o' yonder rose ?
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,
 Whan by the lilies here carest,

R 2

An'

An' leaves the mind in doubt to tell
Which maist in sweets an' hue excell?

Gillepie's snuff should prime the nose
O' her that to the market goes,
If she wad like to shun the smells
That buoy up frae market cells;
Whare wames o' painches' fav'ry scent
To nostrils gie great discontent.
Now wha in *Albion* could expect
O' cleanliness sic great neglect?
Nae Hottentot that daily lairs
'Mang tripe, or ither clarty wares,
Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen
Beyond the line, sic scenes unclean.

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene
O' men an' manners meets our ein:
Ane wad maist trow some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
An' fain wad gar ilk neighbour think
They thirst for goodness as for drink;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
An' never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why shou'd religion mak us sad,
If good frae Virtue's to be had?
Na, rather gleefu' turn your face;
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
An' never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes an' lassies loe to frisk it:
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest *bon-grace* o'er the face;

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Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,
 The turning o' the leg behind.
 Now Comely-garden, an' the Park,
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark;
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,
 Supply them in their Sunday's gills:
 Whare writers aften spend their pence,
 To stock their heads wi' drink an' sense.

While dand'ring cits delight to stray
 To Castlehill, or public way,
 Whare they nae other purpose mean,
 Than that foul cause o' being seen;
 Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,
 Whare bonny pastures meet the view;
 An' mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
 Besitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse:
 If fancy there wou'd join the thrang,
 The desert rocks and hills amang,
 To echoes we shou'd lilt an' play,
 An' gie to *Mirth* the live-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r
 The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,
 To Holyrood-house let me stray,
 An' gie to musing a' the day;
 Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew
 Bie days for ever frae her view:
 O HAMILTON, for shame! the Muse
 Wad pay to thee her couthy vows,
 Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
 An' gie's our dignity again:
 For O, waes me! the Thistle springs
 In *domicile* o' antient kings,
 Without a patriot to regret
 Our *palace* an' our ancient *state*.

Blest place ! whare *debtors* daily run,
 To rid themselves frae jail and dun ;
 Here, tho' sequester'd frae the din
 That rings *Auld Reikie's* wa's within,
 Yet they may tread the funny braes,
 An' brook Apollo's cheary rays ;
 Glour frae *St Antho'n's* grassy height,
 O'er vales in simmer claife bedight,
 Nor ever hing their head, I ween,
 Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.
 May I, whenever *duns* come nigh,
 An' shake my garret wi' their cry,
 Scour here wi' haste, protection get,
 To screen myself frae them an' debt ;
 To breathe the blifs o' open sky,
 An' *Simon Fraser's* * bolts defy !

Now gin a loun shou'd hae his claife
 In thread-bare autumn o' their days,
St Mary, broker's guardian faint,
 Will satisfy ilk ail an' want ;
 For mony a hungry writer there
 Dives down at night, wi' cleeding bare,
 An' quickly rises to the view
 A gentleman perfyte an' new.
 Ye rich fock, look na wi' disdain
 Upo' this antient brokage lane !
 For naked poets are supply'd
 Wi' what you to their wants deny'd.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,
 DRUMMOND ! relief to poortith's pain :
 To thee the greatest blifs we owe,
 An' tribute's tear shall grateful flow :

The

* *The late Keeper of the Tollbooth.*

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 Bridge

The sick are cur'd, the hungry fed,
 An' dreams o' comfort tend their bed.
 As lang as *Forth* weets *Lothian's* shore,
 As lang's on *Fife* her billows roar,
 Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,
 To thy remembrance gie a tear.
 By thee *Auld Reikie* thrive and grew
 Delightfu' to her childer's view:
 Na mair shall *Glasgow* striplins threep
 Their city's beauty and its shape,
 While our new city spreads around
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But Provosts now that ne'er afford
 The smaest dignity to lord,
 Ne'er care tho' every scheme gae wild
 That DRUMMOND's sacred hand has cull'd:
 The spacious *Brig* * neglected lies,
 Tho' plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries;
 They heed not tho' destruction come
 To gulp us in her gaunting womb.
 O shame! that safety canna claim
 Protection from a provost's name,
 But hidden danger lies behind
 To torture and to fleg the mind;
 I may as weel bid *Arthur's Seat*
 To *Berwick-Law* mak gleg retreat,
 As think that either will or art
 Shall get the gate to win their heart;
 For Politics are a' their mark,
Bribes latent, and corruption dark:

If

* The author here alludes to the state of the North
 Bridge, after its fall.

If they can eithly turn the pence,
Wi' city's good they will dispense?
Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd
Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,
Undecent for a modest strain;
An' sin' the poets daily bread is
The favour o' the Muse or ladies,
He downa like to gie offence
To delicacy's bonny sense;
Therefore the stews remain unsung,
And bawds in silence drap their tongue.

REIKIE, farewell! I ne'er cou'd part
Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart;
Aft frae the *Fifan* coast I've seen
Thee tow'ring on thy summit green.
So glowr the saints when first is given
A fav'rite keek o' glore an' heaven;
On earth nae mair they bend their ein,
But quick assume angelic mein;
So I on *Fife* wad glowr no more,
But gallop'd to EDINA's shore.

H A M E C O N T E N T.

A SATIRE.

To all whom it may concern.

SOME fock, like *bees*, fu' glegly rin
To bikes bang'd fu' o' strife an' din,
An' thieve an' huddle crumb by crumb,
Till they haye scrapit the dautit *Plumb*,

The

Then crawl fell crouslly o' their wark,
 Tell o'er their turners *mark* by *mark*,
 Yet dare na think to lowse the pose,
 To aid their neighbours ails an' woes.

Gif *goud* can fetter thus the heart,
 An' gar us act sae base a part,
 Shall *Man*, a niggard, near-gawn elf!
 Rin to the tether's end for pelf;
 Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick,
 Whan a's done sell his faul to *Nick*:
 I trow they've coft the purchase dear,
 That gang sic lengths for warldly gear.

Now whan the *Dog-day* heats begin
 To birle an' to peel the skin,
 May I lie streckit at my ease,
 Beneath the caller shady trees,
 (Far frae the din o' Borrowstown,)
 Where water plays the haughs bedown;
 To jouk the simmer's rigour there,
 An' breathe a while the caller air,
 'Mang herds, an' honest cottar fock,
 That till the farm an' feed the flock;
 Careless o' mair, wha never fash
 To lade their *kist* wi' useless *cash*,
 But thank the *Gods* for what they've sent,
 O' health eneugh, and blythe content,
 An' *pith*, that helps them to strayaig
 Owr ilka cleugh an' ilka craig;
 Unkend to a' the weary granes
 That aft arise frae gentler banes,
 On easy chair that pamper'd lie,
 Wi' banefu' viands gustit high,
 An' turn an' fauld their weary clay,
 To rax an' gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye

Ye sages tell ! was man e'er made
 To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade ?
 Steekit frae Nature's beauties a'
 That daily on his presence ca' ;
 At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine
 For fav'rite dishes, fav'rite wine :
 Come, then, shak aff thir sluggish ties
 An' wi' the bird o' dawning rise !
 On ilka bank the clouds hae spread
 Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed ;
 Frae faulds nae mair the owfen rout,
 But to the fatt'ning clover lout,
 Whare they may feed at heart's content,
 Unyokit frae their winter's stent.

Unyoke then, man, an' binna swear
 To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear !
 O think that *eild*, wi' wyly fit,
 Is wearing nearer bit by bit !
 Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,
 What's filler for? Fiend hae't awa ;
 But *gowden* playfair, that may please
 The second *sbarger* till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, an' taks advice ;
 The chaise is yokit in a trice ;
 Awa drives he like huntit de'il,
 An' scarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel,
 Till he's Lord ken's how far awa',
 At Italy, or well o' Spa,
 Or to Montpelier's faster air ;
 For far aff *fowls* hae *feathers* fair.

There rest him weel ; for eith can we
 Spare many glakit gouks like he ;
 They'll tell whare *Tiber*'s waters rise ;
 What *sea* receives the drumly prize,

That

That never wi' their feet hae met
The *marches* o' their ain estate.

The *Arno* and the *Tiber* lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless dowy pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer-bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Tho' there the herds can jink the show'rs
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,
An' blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains,
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, fast bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our *poetic* grounds.

Come *Fancy*! come, an' let us tread
The simmer's flow'ry velvet bed,
An' a' your *springs* delightfu' lowse
On *Tweed*'s banks or *Cowdenknows*.
That ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleas'd they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they guess you only wear
The simple garb o' *Nature* here;
Mair comely far an' fair to fight
Whan in her easy cleething dight,
Than in disguise ye was before
On *Tiber*'s, or on *Arno*'s shore.

O *Bangour** ! Now the hills and dales
 Nae mair gie back thy tender tales !
 The birks on Yarrow now deplore
 Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore :
 Near what bright burn or crystal spring
 Did you your winsome whistle hing ?
 The Muse shall there, wi' watry eie,
 Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee ;
 An' Yarrow's genius, dowy dame !
 Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,
 On thy sad grave to seek repose,
 Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON,

IS Allan risen frae the dead,
 Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
 An' by the Muses was decreed
 To grace the thistle ?
 Na ; Fergusson's come in his stead
 To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant, I'm sae fain
 To read your sonfy, canty strain,
 You write sic easy stile an' plain,
 An' words sae bonny,
 Nae southern loun dare you disdain,
 Or cry, *Fy on ye !*

Whae'er has at *Auld Reikie* been,
 An' king's birth-day's exploits has seen,

Maun

* *Mr Hamilton of Bangour.*

Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen
 An' true description;
 Nor say ye've at Parnaffas been
 To form a fiction.

Hale be your heart, ye canty chield!
 May ye ne'er want a gude warm bield,
 An' sic good cakes as Scotland yield,
 An' ilka dainty
 That grows or feeds upo' her field,
 An' whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame,
 Than a' the gude things I can name,
 An' than ye will be fair to blame
 My gude intention:
 For that ye needna gae frae hame,
 You've sic pretension.

Sae fast an' sweet your verses jingle,
 An' your auld words sae meetly mingle,
 'Twill gar baith married fock an' fingle
 To roose your lays;
 Whan we forgether round the ingle,
 We'll chant your praise.

Whan I again *Auld Reikie* see,
 An' can forgether, lad, wi' thee,
 Then we wi' meikle mirth an' glee
 Shall tak a gill,
 An' o' your *caller oysters* we
 Shall eat our fill.

Maun

If sic a thing shou'd you betide,
 To Berwick town to tak a ride,

Ife tak ye up Tweed's bonny fide
 Before ye settle,
 An' shaw you there the fisher's pride,
 A Sa'mon kettle.

There lads an' lassies do conven
 To feast an' dance upo' the green,
 An' there sic brav'ry may be seen
 As will confound ye,
 An' gar ye glour out baith your een
 At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,
 An' sic huge puddins i' their hair,
 An' some o' them wi' naething mair
 Upo' their tete ;
 Yea, some wi' mutes that might scare
 Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,
 But for your sake wou'd fain be in't,
 E'en that I might my wishes hint
 That you'd write mair ;
 For sure your head-piece is a mint
 Whare wit's nae rare.

Sonse fa' me, gif I had nae lure
 I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,
 Than hae a chariot at the door
 To wait upo' me ;
 Tho', poet-like, I'm but a poor
 Mid-Louthian Johnnie.

Berwick, Aug. 31. 1773.

J. S.

ANSWER

Whan *Ramsay* or whan *Pennicuik*
Their liltis begin.

At morning ear', or late at e'en,
Gin ye sud hap to come an' see ane,
Nor niggard *wife*, nor greetin wee-ane,
Within my cloyster,
Can challenge you an' me frae preein
A caller oyster.

Heh, lad ! it wad be news indeed,
Ware I to ride to bonny *Tweed*,
Wha ne'er laid *gamon* o'er a steed
Beyont *Lufferrick* ;
An' auld shanks-nag wad tire, I dread,
To pace to *Berawick*.

You crack weel o' your lasses there,
Their glancin een an' bisket bare ;
But thof this town be *smeekeit* fair,
I'll wad a *farden*,
Than ours there's nane mair fat an' fair,
Cravin your pardon.

Gin *heaven* shou'd gie the *earth* a drink,
An' afterhend a funny blink,
Gin ye ware here, I'm sure you'd think
It worth your notice,
To see them *dubbs* an' gutters jink
Wi' kiltit coaties.

An' frae ilk corner o' the nation,
We've lasses eke o' recreation,
Wha at close-mou's tak up their station
By ten o'clock :

The Lord deliver frae temptation
A' honest fock !

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch
For *pursy*, *pocket-book*, or *watch*,
An' can sae glib their *leesins* hatch,
That ye'll agree
Ye canna eithly meet their match
'Tween you an' me.

For this gude sample o' your skill,
I'm restin you a pint o' yale,
By an' attour a Highland gill
O' *Aquavite* ;
The which to come an' sock at will,
I here invite ye.

Tho' jillit Fortune scoul an' quarrel,
An' keep me frae a bien beef barrel,
As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'
I'll ay be vockie
To part a *fadge* or *girdle farl*
Wi' Louthian jockie.

Fareweel, my cock ! Lang may ye thrive,
Weel happit in a cozy hive ;
An' that your faul may never dive
To *Acheron*,
I'll wish as lang's I can subscribe
ROB. FERGUSSON.

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POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED,

PERISH the fatal DAY when I was born,
The NIGHT with dreary darkness be forlorn;
The loathed, hateful, and lamented night
When JOB, 'twas told, had first perceiv'd the light;
Let it be dark, nor let the GOD on high
Regard it with the favour of his eye;
Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade
Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid;
Be it not join'd unto the varying year,
Nor to the fleeting months in swift career.
Lo! let the night in solitude's dismay
Be dumb to joy, and waste in gloom away;
On it may twilight stars be never known;
Light let it wish for, Lord! but give it none;
Curse it let them who curse the passing day,
And to the voice of mourning raise the lay;
Nor ever be the face of dawning seen
To ope its lustre on th' enamel'd green;
Because it seal'd not up my *mother's womb*,
Nor hid from me the SORROWS doom'd to come.
Why have I not from *mother's womb* expir'd?
My life resign'd when life was first requir'd?
Why did supporting knees prevent my death,
Or suckling breasts sustain my infant breath?
For now my soul with quiet had been blest,
With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,
Who bade the house of desolation rise
And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes,

Or with the princes unto whom were told
 Rich store of silver and corrupting gold ;
 Or, as untimely birth, I had not been
 Like infant who the light hath never seen ;
 For there the wicked from their trouble cease,
 And there the weary find their lasting peace ;
 There the poor prisoners together rest,
 Nor by the hand of injury oppress'd ;
 The small and great together mingled are
 And free the servant from his master there ;
 Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven
 Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?
 Why should the troubl'd and oppress'd in soul
 Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,
 Who long for death, who lists not to their pray'r,
 And dig as for the treasures hid afar ;
 Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,
 Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid ?
 Why then is grateful light bestow'd on man,
 Whose life is darkness, all his days a span ?
 For 'ere the morn return'd my sighing came,
 My mourning pour'd out as the mountain stream ;
 Wild visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,
 And wan destruction piteous star'd me nigh ;
 For tho' no rest nor safety blest my soul,
 New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

ODE TO HORROR.

O Thou who with incessant gloom
 Court'st the recess of midnight tomb ?
 Admit me of thy mournful throng,
 The scatter'd woods and wilds among ;

If e'er thy discontented ear
 The voice of *sympathy* can cheer,
 My melancholy bosom's sigh
 Shall to your mournful plaint reply ;
 There to the fear-foreboding owl
 The angry *Furies* hiss and howl ;
 Or near the mountain's pendant brow
 Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

Epode. Who's he that with imploring eye

Salutes the rosy dawning sky ?
 The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
 His spirit to drive to its domain ;
 For morning light can but return
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn :
 Not the bright dawning's purple eye
 Can cause the frightful vapours fly,
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne
 Can bid surrounding fears begone ;
 The gloom of night will still preside,
 While angry conscience stares on either side.

Strophe. To ease his sore distemper'd head,

Sometimes upon the rocky bed
 Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound
 Of whispering reed in vale profound.
 Happy if *Morpheus* visits there,
 A while to lull his woe and care ;
 Send sweeter fancies to his aid,
 And teach him to be undismay'd ;
 Yet wretched still, for when no more
 The gods their opiate balsam pour,
 Ah, me ! he starts, and views again
 The Lybian monster prance along the plain.
 Now from the oozing caves he flies,
 And to the city's *tumults* hies.

Think.

Thinking to frolick life away,
 Be ever chearful, ever gay :
 But though enwrapt in noise and smoke,
 They ne'er can heal his peace when broke ;
 His fears arise, he sighs again
 For solitude on rural plain ;
 Even there his wishes all convene
 To bear him to his noise again.
 Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore oppress'd,
 He constant hunts, but never finds his rest.

Antistrophe. Oh exercise ! thou healing power,
 The toiling rustic's chiefest dower ;
 Be thou with parent virtue join'd
 To quell the tumults of the mind ;
 Then *man* as much of joy can share
 From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,
 As from the pure ætherial blaze
 That wantons in the summer rays ;
 The humble cottage then can bring
Content, the comfort of a king ;
 And gloomy mortals wish no more
 For wealth and idleness to make them poor.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

THOU joyous fiend, life's constant foe,
 Sad *source* of care and *spring* of woe,
 Soft pleasure's hard controul ;
 Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,
 Stern mistress of the secret sigh,
 That swells the murmur'ing soul.

II.

Why haunt'st thou me thro' desarts drear ?
 With grief-swoln sounds why wound my ear,
 Denied to *pity's* aid ?
 Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,
 Or at thy feet in homage bow,
 Or court thy sullen shade ?

III.

Even now enchanted scenes abound,
 Elysian glories strew the ground,
 To lure th' astonish'd eyes ;
 Now *Horrors, Hell, and Furies* reign,
 And desolate the fairy scene
 Of all its gay disguise.

IV.

The passions, at thy urgent call,
 Our *reasons* and our *sense* enthrall
 In frenzy's fetters strong.
 And now *despair* with lurid eye
 Doth meagre *poverty* descry,
 Subdu'd by famine long.

V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,
 In gloomy woods and wilds to stray,
 There shuns his *Jessy's* scorn ;
 Sad sisters of the sighing grove
 Attune their lyres to hapless love,
 Dejected and forlorn.

VI.

Yet *hope* undaunted wears thy *chain*,
 And *smiles* amidst the growing *pain*,
 Nor fears thy sad dismay ;

Unaw'd

Unaw'd by power her fancy flies
 From earth's dim orb to purer skies,
Realms of endless day.

DIRGE.

I.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath,
 In vain bequeath the mighty tear;
 In vain the awful pomp of death
 Attends the sable-shrouded bier.

II.

Since *Strephon's* virtue's sunk to rest,
 Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,
 Nor magic tongue, have e'er confest
 Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

III.

The just, the good, more honours share
 In what the conscious heart bestows,
 Than *vice* adorn'd with sculptor's care,
 In all the venal pomp of woes.

IV.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,
 Thou, Friendship! pay thy rites divine,
 And echo through the midnight gloom
 That *Strephon's* early fall was thine.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. I.

NE'ER fash your thumb what gods decree
 To be the *weird* o' you or me,

Nor

Nor deal in *cantrip's* kittle cunning
 To spier how fast your days are running;
 But patient lippen for the *best*,
 Nor be in *dowry thought* opprest,
 Whether we see mair winters come,
 Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your *geysen'd wa's*
 Wi' couthy friends an' *heartly blaws*;
 Ne'er lat your *hope* o'ergang your *days*,
 For *cild an' thraldom* never stays;
 The day looks *gaib*, toot aff your *horn*,
 Nor care yae *strae* about the *morn*.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

MY *life* is like the flowing stream
 That glides where summer's beauties teem,
 Meets all the *riches* of the gale
 That on its watry bosom sail,
 And wanders 'midst Elyfian groves
 Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.

May I when drooping days decline,
 And 'gainst those genial *streams* combine,
 The winter's sad decay forsake,
 And center in my parent lake.

S O N G.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,
 That in life's spring so long has roll'd,
 And wither in the drooping shade,
 E'er it return to native mould:

T

II.

II.

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,
 In time catch Cytherea's joy,
 'Ere age your wonted smiles deflow'r,
 And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPIGRAM,

*On a Lawyer's desiring one of the Tribe to look with
 respect to a GIBBET.*

THE lawyers may revere that tree
 Where thieves so oft have strung,
 Since, by the Law's most wise decree,
Her thieves are never hung.

On the AUTHOR's intention of going to Sea.

FORTUNE and BOB, e'er since his birth,
 Could never yet agree,
 She fairly kickt him from the earth
 To try his fate at sea.

EPIGRAM,

*Written Extempore, at the desire of a Gentleman who
 was rather ill-favoured, but who had a beautiful Fa-
 mily of Children.*

SC—TT and his children emblems are
 Of real good and evil;
 His children are like cherubims,
 But Sc—tt is like the devil.

THE

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES :

An ELEGY,

Occasioned by the untimely DEATH of a SCOTS POET.

BY MR JOHN TAIT.

*Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus,
 Tam cari capitis ? præcipe lugubres
 Cantos, Melpomene : cui liquidam pater
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

HOR.

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er all ;
 No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour :
 The sheeted ghost stalk'd ghastly thro' the hall,
 And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's pow'r :

Slumb'ring I lay : I mus'd on human hopes :
 " Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form ;
 " When winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops,
 " And oaks themselves must bend before the storm."

While thus I spake, a voice assail'd my ear,
 'Twas sad—'twas slow—it fill'd my mind with dread !
 " Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,
 " Or change the strain—for FERGUSSON is dead !

" Have we not seen him sporting on these plains ?
 " Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre ?
 " Have we not felt the magic of his strains,
 " Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire ?
 " Have we not hop'd these strains would long be heard ?
 " Have we not told how oft they touch'd the soul ?

And

" And has not Scotia said, her youthful BARD
 " Might spread her fame ev'n to the the distant pole ?

" But vain, alas ! are all the hopes we rais'd ;
 " Death strikes the blow—they sink—their reign is
 o'er ;

" And these sweet songs, which we so oft have prais'd—
 " These mirthful strains shall now be heard no more.

" This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys
 " Which we so ardently wish to attain ;
 " Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon destroys
 " The high-born hopes ev'n of the Muses train."

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion shrill,
 Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—
 The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—
 For every note was echo'd back by fear.

" Perhaps, I cry'd, e'er yonder rising sun
 " Shall sink his glories in the western wave ;
 " Perhaps 'ere then my race too may be run,
 " And I myself laid in the silent grave.

" Oft then, O mortals ! oft this dreadful truth
 " Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the sound,
 " *That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,*
 " *May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound."*

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